

87th Year  
Vol. 174

THE

Quarterly  
No. 348

# DUBLIN REVIEW

Jan., Feb., March, 1924

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LONDON

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# MEMOIRS OF MISSIONARY PRIESTS

AS WELL SECULAR AS REGULAR  
AND OF OTHER CATHOLICS OF BOTH SEXES,  
THAT HAVE SUFFERED DEATH IN ENGLAND  
ON RELIGIOUS ACCOUNTS FROM THE YEAR  
OF OUR LORD 1577 TO 1684

GATHERED, PARTLY FROM PRINTED ACCOUNTS OF THEIR  
LIVES AND SUFFERINGS, PUBLISHED BY CONTEMPORARY  
AUTHORS IN DIVERS LANGUAGES, AND PARTLY FROM  
MANUSCRIPT RELATIONS, KEPT IN THE ARCHIVES AND  
RECORDS OF THE ENGLISH COLLEGES AND CONVENTS  
ABROAD, AND OFTENTIMES PENNED BY EYEWITNESSES  
OF THEIR DEATH

BY  
RICHARD CHALLONER, D.D.

BISHOP OF OBERA AND VICAR APOSTOLIC

A NEW EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED

BY  
JOHN HUNGERFORD POLLEN

OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

Demy 8vo 12/6 642 pages

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# The Dublin Review

JAN., FEB., MAR., 1924

## EARLY MEMORIES OF ST. GEORGE MIVART

A FAINT note of bitterness, probably unintentional, sounded in the first sentence of Sir Bertram Windle's interesting article in the July issue of the DUBLIN REVIEW, seems to me to jar slightly with its otherwise kindly if depreciatory tone.

At the outset of his article Sir Bertram acknowledges the willing help that, when a Catholic neophyte, perplexed by the apparent bearing of the Darwinian theories upon our Faith, he received at my father's hands. This ready assistance was the keynote to my father's character. For any honest seeker after truth his help was always ready and his wise and sympathetic advice at once called forth. No pains were spared, no time grudged in putting before such an inquirer the information needed and pointing out the true line of thought. In such case my father did not rest until he was sure that, if possible, the inquirer was convinced and his doubts removed. In this way, it is certain, he brought many not only towards, but actually into, the Catholic Church. In his last years, owing to the slow but steady advance of the glycosuric condition, his mind became clouded in the manner which the great advances of pathology and psychiatry now enable us more clearly to understand, and those who loved him are deeply thankful that, as in so many other cases, no even greater and more direct disasters came.

In his interesting article Sir Bertram Windle has chosen to deal specially with one incident in my father's

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literary career, an incident that caused my father real sorrow for his unexpected and wholly unintentional part therein. No doubt I saw the article in the *Quarterly Review* of July, 1874, as part of this was written while I was abroad with my father and mother during the first five months of that year. But the knowledge of the quarrel that afterwards arose in connection with it was withheld from me, as such knowledge would have been embarrassing, seeing that I had then begun to follow a course with Professor Huxley at South Kensington. From Huxley's demeanour towards my own humble personality I had no reason to suspect anything, and later when I left South Kensington and heard and read of the affair, it was clear to me that it had only helped to increase the extreme kindness shown to me by that remarkable man. In my father's early scientific days he was an enthusiastic student under Huxley, indeed his attitude to Huxley was something like that of Boswell to Johnson. He never missed a lecture or discourse given by Huxley, taking notes freely, and being so recognized a follower that, as my father told me, when, on one occasion, for the second time in the same day he appeared in that capacity, Huxley jokingly greeted him with "Here again? I shall call you my constant reader." That so eager a disciple should not only fall away, but become a redoubtable antagonist must have caused some bitterness in Huxley's mind.

Now, believing that a brief account of my father's early years and of the way in which he came out of very unfavourable surroundings to the Catholic Faith, bringing with him thereto his mother, and later his brother and his half-brother, may be interesting to the readers of the DUBLIN REVIEW, I thankfully avail myself of the editor's sanction to that end.

St. George Mivart (the name St. George was given him by his godfather, St. George Caulfield) was born on November 30th, 1827, at 34, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square—or Lower Brook Street as it was then called. His father, James Edward Mivart, was,

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we believe, the founder of, and at that time engaged with, the business of "Mivart's Hotel," a hostelry unique in those days, and the regular resort of foreign royalties as well as of the wealthiest class, and those who aped them.

Though my grandfather was then engaged in a business of this kind he had literary tastes and abilities, and was an excellent letter-writer, as shown by letters dated from 1826 to 1830 now in my possession. He had a passion for the stage and theatrical matters generally, was a good amateur actor, and availed himself fully of his opportunities for acquaintance and friendship with members of the theatrical profession. He himself had a clever knack of versification. Among his friends was a celebrated burlesque writer of those days, and there is reason to think that in certain, then well-known, songs my grandfather had a hand. From my grandfather my father evidently inherited whatever literary ability he possessed, in addition to his gift of draughtsmanship and his taste for music. But my father, as Sir Bertram Windle truly remarks, was not always a pleasing writer. His mind worked very quickly, and he wrote at tremendous speed in a caligraphy that was the despair of his friends and also of compositors, for in those days type-machines were not.

My father was the youngest of four children of his parents, both of whom were married for the second time. At the time of his birth my grandfather was forty-seven years of age, having been born July 17th, 1780, shortly after the Gordon Riots, and my grandmother was forty-two. In earlier life my grandfather had travelled considerably and had resided for a time in France. He spoke French fluently with an admirable accent, and had a fair knowledge of French literature. My grandmother, Caroline Georgina Cunningham, was of Scottish descent on the side of her mother, and Irish on that of her father. She was of strongly religious bias, and in the later years at Brook Street rather uneasy in her somewhat lively surroundings. Like her husband

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she had a decided inclination for literature, and a curiously retentive memory. I can remember having heard her recite to me large portions of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* and *The Traveller*. She was of a very charitable disposition, giving freely to the poor, and spending much time visiting the sick and needy. She was received into the Church at Mount St. Bernard's Abbey in 1846. At the age of eighty-four her peaceful death, fortified by the Sacraments, was the fitting close of a long life free from many common failings, and full of acts to be remembered with love and veneration.

In respect of his early years my father jotted down, intermittently from 1881 to 1885, some notes, and upon these I shall draw freely. It is noticeable that visits to theatrical and operatic performances played a much larger part in his life than would commonly be the case with a child in those days, though perhaps such would not be the case now. He says :

' Much of my early childhood was passed at No. 12, Marine Parade, Eastbourne, a house which still (in 1881) exists, though with an added story. In those days, and for many years later, Eastbourne was a delightful resort for lovers of quiet. It consisted merely of a row of houses by the sea, a library, an hotel ('The Anchor'), and a few shops. Beyond these, fields intervened between the sea-houses and Southbourne, which was, in turn, separated by open country from Old Eastbourne, a large village with an ancient parish church. My earliest recollections of all are in regard to my nurse, Sarah Kent, who entered my mother's service in 1825, and died in it in 1852. My earliest recollection of dates is the circumstance of having to change from 1835 to 1836. I also recollect residing for a time in Hornton Street, Kensington, and going out riding on my grey pony, which used to be brought down for me from town and then taken back. Afterwards we resided much at 16, Addison Road, which was taken by my father, but I do not know in what year. . . . When we first resided at Addison Road there were no houses on the



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opposite side of the road, and No. 17 (the lease of which was also acquired by my father) was the last house southwards towards the church, in which Charles Matthews and Madame Vestris were married. Fields were all about us, and every evening the cows used to cross the road opposite our house to be milked. Lord Holland having much kindly feeling towards my father, I had permission to go into Holland Park whenever I liked, and our garden was made twice as deep as the others, privileges which were revoked by old Lady Holland after her husband's death.

‘My first school was kept by ladies, the Misses D. in Edwardes Square. I was about six and a half, I believe, when I was there deposited, but I still recollect the prominent and prolonged upper incisor teeth of my schoolmistress, which unpleasantly affected my imagination.

‘My next school was a Mr. Dempster's at Turnham Green, a house standing back on the south side of the London Road just before the turning down to Chiswick Lodge. I have no recollection of what I learnt at this school, where I must have passed at least three years, at first as one of the ordinary schoolboys, but later as “parlour-boarder,” a change probably consequent on scarlet fever, with which I had made acquaintance. The lads used to sit round the dining-room, like monks in a refectory, at a long narrow table facing the centre where was the table for the family. Each lad as he entered was given a list-band which he passed over his head and arms and which served to keep his elbows near to his side. Mr. Dempster was aided by his wife and some four female teachers. Every Sunday we were taken to church in the morning, but every Sunday evening the master went to some dissenting chapel with such lads as had parents of dissenting proclivities. The great event of the year was the “Show” in the adjacent Horticultural Gardens, when we were allowed to go into an oval detached garden in front of the house and bordering the London Road to see the carriages go by, and do credit to the establishment by our numbers and

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appearance. While I was at this school the song of "Jim Crow" became popular, and Duverney (afterwards Mrs. Lyne Stephens who built our beautiful church at Cambridge) introduced the Cachuca Spanish dance which was duly taught us as well as the Hornpipe. Dancing was taught somewhat elaborately with many "steps," such as "balancer," etc., and I can still recall to imagination the tunes of the master's kit as we marched round, and his frothy "four" as he guided us with—1, 2, 3, 4.

'By the time I was ten I had been very often to the theatre, but I forget how old I was when I visited it for the first time and saw *Timour the Tartar*. That play has passed almost out of my memory, but *Mazeppa* I recollect very distinctly. It was played by Ducrow at "Astley's," over Westminster Bridge. "Astley's" was then for some years the theatre of my choice.

'It was while I was at Dempster's that I first visited Paris, the year after an excursion to the West of England, with my parents and my brother Charles.'

The trip to the West of England may be passed over, but the journey to Paris has one or two points of interest.

He goes on: 'We crossed from Dover to Calais and went to Dessin's Hotel. My father's first care, after securing our rooms, was to go to the "diligence" office to book places for our journey to Paris. In order not to be too crowded, as we were a party of five, we took two places in the interior and the whole of the rotonde. In the banquette travelled a man with a variety of dogs his trade being to take dogs from London to Paris and bring cats the reverse way. We were about four-and-twenty hours on the road, and very weary and dusty were we when we got to our journey's end. We took rooms at Meurice's and applied ourselves to seeing the sights. One morning my father took my brother and myself to breakfast with old Mr. Goldsmid (the father of Lady Lyndhurst) who had an apartment on the west side of the Place Vendôme. Our old host was very lively and sarcastic and we had for convives three large and much petted dogs. In many of the streets of Paris

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there were still oil lamps suspended by cords to hang over the middle of the road ; but I can also recollect London, about Grosvenor Square, being lighted by oil lamps and seeing the lamplighters trim them . . .

‘The school I next went to was Dr. Laing’s in Larkhall Lane, Clapham. The Dr. was a little old gentleman in knee-breeches and gaiters and, I think, with some powder in his hair. Here I began Greek and Latin. At dinner the boys had pudding first and meat afterwards. At breakfast we had a mug of milk and water and some very thick pieces of bread with a scrape of butter on each. While I was at this place I recollect seeing the Czar, Alexander II, pass on his way to the Derby. He was stopping at my father’s hotel, where I saw him on one occasion standing to Chalon for a portrait. Chalon subsequently made a coloured sketch of me for my father. I think he also made one of my mother, for we have these two portraits and they are evidently by the same hand. The young Czar of Russia always had a Cossack to sleep on the floor outside his bedroom door.

‘About this time my taste for Zoology led me to begin to form a little collection. From my earliest years I had this love which was greatly developed by the following circumstances : My father had had presented to him Queen Caroline of Brunswick’s copy of the large original edition of Buffon’s *Histoire Naturelle* and this was readily accessible to me. I was very fond of examining the plates, and early began to copy some. Again and again I began to write a book of “ Natural History ” myself, always leading off with “ the lion ” though I had a great liking for apes. I copied not only external forms but also anatomical figures. It was in colouring two figures of tigers that I first found out my colour-blindness. My Cousin Emma told me that what I had painted for true tiger-colour was in reality bright green. . . . My earliest animal pet was a little smooth terrier “ Trip,” which was kept at Addison Road, but about this time I got my first monkey, a macaque, afterwards followed by a cebus, a marmoset and a green monkey. As I grew

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older my father encouraged my taste for natural history, allowing me to buy specimens freely, considering our means. He used to go with me now and then to Stevens' Auction Rooms, King Street, Covent Garden, and bid for me and allow me to bid. I thus began my ultimately fine collection of reptiles. On one occasion we returned from Paris with a variety of mammalian skins and an excellent named collection of coleoptera. My father not only encouraged me, but opposed those who would have discouraged me. I recollect on one occasion a city friend of his blaming this encouragement and saying, "Where is the percentage of all this?" A remark of which, as made before me, he strongly disapproved.

'Among my father's friends was the naturalist Yarrell who took me one morning to see his collection. About the same time I made the acquaintance of Mr. Waterhouse, the Secretary of the Zoological Society, of which my father was a Fellow. Of course, as a child I used frequently to go to the Zoological Gardens, then only open to persons provided with a Fellow's ticket even if they paid. The Society's Museum was then in Leicester Square on the site of what is now the Alhambra, and it was there that Mr. Waterhouse gave me lessons in mammalian zoology. He was very kind and encouraging.

'I also knew slightly Dr. Gray of the British Museum, but found him cold and unsympathetic.

'While still a youth I made the acquaintance of Mr. Gould, the ornithologist. He became slightly enamoured of my cousin, Emma Chapman, and dined with us frequently at Brook Street and at Addison Road.

'Mr. C. Linnæus Martin (author of an excellent work on mammals) and his intelligent kind-hearted wife were also early friends of mine, and many elementary notions of physiology and comparative anatomy were gained by me from him. I might mention that one of the earliest to encourage me in my biological tastes was the late Lord Farnham who gave me (in 1839) Bingley's *Animal Biography*. He was killed in 1867 in the frightful

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accident to the Irish mail at Abergele. His body, and those of his wife, their maid and their constant companions, a pair of Blenheim spaniels, being so consumed by fire that the relics formed an indistinguishable mass.

‘My father’s ordinary doctor was a general practitioner, John Barrow, who resided close to us in Davies Street. He nearly persuaded my father to send me to Westminster School, but ultimately I was despatched, about the year 1849, to Clapham Grammar School, then kept by the Rev. Charles Pritchard, who is now (1881) Professor at Oxford. Pritchard lived away from the school in the Crescent. A Captain and Mrs. Beevor superintended the house for the boarders. At the Grammar School the breakfasts were as at Dr. Laing’s, but at dinner the meat preceded the pudding. On Sundays the dinner was always cold. Bread, cheese and beer were given for supper. At this school I read much of the classics, Greek and Latin, except Cæsar which I had begun at Dr. Laing’s. Thus I read Horace’s Odes, the *Journey to Brundisium*, some Livy, Virgil’s Second Book of the Aeneid and his Fourth Georgic, Cicero de Officiis, and one or two plays of Terence, the Greek Testament, some of Homer’s Odyssey and a fragment of the Iliad, some Lucian, a little Herodotus, some Demosthenes, some Euripides, some Thucydides, and a little Aeschylus. At this school the accent was laid on mathematics, Pritchard having been a seventh Wrangler of John’s, Cambridge. He taught mathematics well and trained Hemming, who left soon after I arrived and became a Senior Wrangler. I had a great taste for Euclid though I did not do much of it, but I never enjoyed arithmetic nor did I get further in mathematics than plane trigonometry and the binomial theorem. French and German, though they could be paid for, could hardly be learnt, so little time and attention was paid to them. Cricket was pursued pretty vigorously, but we had not much football. We had more hockey, a game I liked, but my frame was too feeble and my muscles too little developed as a youngster to enable me to enjoy cricket thoroughly

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though I took a fair share in it. I recollect on one occasion running a race with another boy. I recollect the start and the running, but no more. The next recollection is that of a visit to me in bed from my mother. It appears I fell and hit my head against a wall and was long unconscious.

'An important addition to my minute stock of natural knowledge and a considerable impetus to my taste for it was given at this school by the institution, about the year 1832, of a class for botany. Pritchard taught this himself and he was then one of the earliest in the field in introducing biology into a school course. We used to make excursions into the then Battersea Fields (now Battersea Park) and a wilderness of small houses, where were abundant wild flowers. This initiated in me a taste for botany which I have never lost. A course of chemistry was also given.

'At this school also distinct theological notions and a taste for architecture were initiated. As to the former, I first fell under distinctly evangelical influence through a man whose name I forget. At this time I was, of course, a strong Protestant and used to argue with my brother Charles, who was strongly inclined to what I called Popery. My mother, though in many respects strongly Protestant, was of a very reverent mind and admired fine Continental churches and many pious objects in them. Once in Paris, she pointing out to me a certain large crucifix with admiration, I recollect calling it an abominable idol. Nevertheless I gradually became dissatisfied with Low Church Protestantism, partly owing to my increasing taste for the study of church architecture and archæology, partly through the influence of one or two friends, one, a man, and one a boy bigger than myself, named Wrench, who afterwards became a parson. I recollect being much impressed on hearing the latter say, "If I had been born a Roman Catholic nothing would have made me turn Protestant." He was my principal guide in my study of architecture, and we made excursions together to see sundry new churches, among



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which I recollect the new church (Scott's) at Camberwell, which we much admired, and one at Westminster, the cast-iron pillars and shallow apse of which we deplored. We also went to see St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, then building, and we grudged the Papists so handsome a structure, consoling ourselves by abusing it for having no clerestory.

'About this time (1843) I left Pritchard's for a time to go to Harrow, where I was placed in the Second Master's (Oxenham's) House, Dr. Wordsworth (the poet's brother) being Headmaster. The latter seemed to me much respected by the boys, and impressed me (though I hardly exchanged six words with him) as a dignified, amiable and very gentlemanly man. In the Third Master's (Colenso's) House there were many boys and the "fagging" was severe. In Oxenham's there were not a dozen and the "fagging" was slight. My father and mother drove me down to Harrow and I recollect that the "Maze" still existed on the right side of the Harrow Road, and much nearer town a very badly-drawn mural painting, ridiculed by *Punch* as "The Bayswater Fresco."

'At Oxenham's I had a room to myself, the bedstead turning up inside a cupboard during the day. My first night's sleep was broken by feeling my bed lifted and I was turned up on my head and the cupboard door shut by some of the boys. The first morning I experienced a feeling of much dignity as during my breakfast one tradesman after another came to solicit my patronage.

'The house "fagging" was slight—only carrying up my master's boots and coffee, cleaning the former and making the latter. The other fagging was principally at cricket, which was rather trying to me. I learnt nothing while there, but I escaped punishment save once. I forget what for, but I was told to "stay in," which meant flogging, but being "first fault" was commuted into learning some Latin verses by heart. On that occasion my name was up to "fag" at cricket and I went to Oxenham and asked to be excused staying in, saying "I shall be thrashed if I do not go to 'fag'," to

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which he consolingly replied, "And you will be flogged if you do go!" However, I succeeded in getting off that day's flogging.

'I did not see or experience much bullying at Harrow. One fellow used to lift me off the ground occasionally by the hair of my head, but that was all. Fights were regularly organized, but I had none. The boys were free to wander in play-time within a radius of about two miles, but had to appear in school at intervals to answer to roll-call. I can recollect the first names called were "Peel, Connolly, Colenso, Lloyd." I think Colenso was the future Zulu modified bishop, or a near relative.

'The general punishment was flogging. One boy in my form never prepared a lesson and was flogged every day except Sunday while I was there. At the breaking-up, to which my mother came, there was a great lunch, and the poet Wordsworth was present thereat.

'In the winter I returned once more to the Clapham Grammar School, where I was nearer to my parents' reach as my health was unsatisfactory.

'My process of evolution was naturally aided by my older brothers. My own brother Charles was rather a dandy, with elaborate embroidered waistcoats of satin and velvet (then fashionable), lace shirts and a certain amount of jewellery. He was devoted to the theatre and opera, a taste innate in him, as when a boy he used to have elaborate performances with a toy theatre and figures on cardboard, to see which audiences were invited—our cousin John being his fellow-manager, and my cousin Maria, at the piano, being the orchestra. Charles was a fair horseman and a very good climber and in his travels always climbed whenever he could, whether church towers or mountains.

'My half-brother James was shorter than we were and a very neat figure. He was a thorough sporting man and down to the last dressed in horsey style, though very neatly. He was a good dancer, good shot, and could drive a four-in-hand. He went to Peterhouse, Cam-

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bridge, where I (in 1873) was amused to find that the old porter, since dead, recollected him very well. To my question he replied, "Indeed I do recollect him, sir, he had the most sporting dog in the University." Poor Jim had the unlucky good fortune to be much liked by men in an altogether different social position to his own. Thus he was led into expensive habits, from the effects of which he suffered to his latest days. In his youth cock-fighting was still in vogue and prize-fighting very popular, James being a good boxer himself. Cambridge was a very fast place when James was there and the morals of the town, as also of London, were ostensibly very different from what they appear now. . . . I think it was about this time that a large hall, a sort of precursor of the "Polytechnic," called the "Adelaide Gallery," was converted into a dancing place called "The Casino." The change was preceded by bills being stuck up all over London with nothing on them but the words "Where's Eliza?" After about a month, under each of these bills appeared another with the answer, "She's gone to the Casino." This was the precursor of many notorious resorts of the kind. "Cremorne" as yet was not, but "Vauxhall" was in full swing, and if it had fallen from its former prosperity it had yet a course of seventeen years to run. Masquerades were occasionally given, but no ladies, or hardly any, ever went disguised to them. There were fine trees in "Vauxhall Gardens" and a large stand for the benefit of singers who sang beneath a sort of huge inverted shell. Opposite this stand there was a long raised structure, a sort of supper room open to the garden. There were retired walks with twinkling lamps, and a mountebank got up as a wizard with sham gypsies to tell fortunes.

I now went frequently to the opera and I recollect hearing "Puritani" when not only Grisi, Lablache and Tamburini but also Rubini sang in it. Rubini had a singular head of hair with almost woolly curls and he made much use of the falsetto. As early as 1839 my father took me behind the scenes at the opera and intro-

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duced me to Taglioni. In 1879 I met Madame Taglioni and took her down to dinner at the Bernards in Connaught Square, and I was astonished to see the very same person, so evidently the same, the same way even of wearing the hair, only now it was white instead of black. Against Taglioni no one ever breathed a word of scandal. Her character was immaculate and she was greatly esteemed.

‘I was present, I do not remember under what circumstance, at the trial of Gregory, the editor of the *Satirist* newspaper. It was a scurrilous paper which came out weekly and contained a number of short paragraphs (like our present society papers) with more or less shameful accusations and jokes about people indicated only by initials, innuendoes, or nicknames. At the trial I heard Sergeant Talfourd’s powerful attack which brought about the suppression of the paper. The late much esteemed Duke of Brunswick was present on the Bench, and when he came in other noblemen immediately quitted it, or at least, his vicinity. He was a strange man. He used sometimes to wear pink silk trousers. He painted his face, and was considered altogether objectionable. Thus along with inclinations fostered in me by architectural studies and the controversial exhortations of friends, and the pious influence of my mother, together with my rapidly increasing interest in religious questions, other very conflicting influences were already at work. With waning tendencies towards Geneva came allurements to Babylon no less than to Rome.

‘The church we attended was St. Mark’s, North Audley Street, in the vaults of which lie my brother Edward, my grandmother, and one of my aunts. Of this church Mr. Cooper was incumbent and Mr. Wingfield was his curate. Mr. Cooper was a moderate High Church man. He had not adopted the recently introduced startling novelty of preaching in a surplice, neither were there candles lighted on the Communion table, neither was there weekly Communion. Mr. Wingfield was a Tractarian, severe and austere-looking, and as I was told, very

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rigorous in his fasting. I forget how I made his acquaintance, but it soon ripened. He used to take me out walking with him and frequently asked me to breakfast at his lodgings in Green Street. I there met his sister, whom I had known by sight in church, and the celebrated man she afterwards married, Dr. (then Mr.) Ward. The point which I recollect that Mr. Wingfield urged on me most convincingly was the necessary absurdity of a merely national religion, and the essentially "Catholic" nature of the Christian Church. I recollect one day going with Ward and Wingfield to afternoon service at Margaret Street Chapel, of which Oakley was then incumbent. It occupied part of the site of the now magnificent "All Saints." This was considered one of the most extremely High Church places of worship. I recollect Oakley hobbling up the pulpit steps in his surplice for the sermon. There were two lighted candles on the Communion table and a small bag attached to a stick was handed about for collecting. From this it is plain how very slight in 1842 was the ritualistic development when compared with what it has since attained.

'I now left Clapham Grammar School finally, and for a short time had a private tutor who used to come to me daily at Addison Road. He was the Rev. Davies; a very Low Church, and decidedly vulgar man, who dressed shabbily and bit his nails to the quick. He was, I believe, purposely given to me to counteract the too High-Church tendencies impressed on me by Wingfield, but these very tendencies he confirmed and much developed by the repulsion with which he inspired me for himself and his own views, and by the intellectual feebleness of his arguments against the Catholic doctrine. I had no Roman Catholic friends except certain musical and theatrical friends of my father's, and these were worthless social parasites without any religious sympathies as far as could be perceived. One of them, a rather well-known opera singer, used to sing at the High Mass at Warwick Street, then sometimes called the "shilling opera." He once took me there with him, but the whole thing by no means

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helped me along Romewards, and was, as a service, quite incomprehensible to me.

‘My next move was to King’s College, and while there I resided with Dr. Brewer (then one of the masters) in a house on the north side of Euston Road near Euston Square. Dr. Brewer professed to hold all Roman doctrines except that of Papal Supremacy. He was closely shaved and wore a cassock buttoned down to his ankles. The whole atmosphere of the establishment was very High Church, Mr. Cullington, a frequent visitor, fully participating in the family feeling. At this time I had gone so far as to have a *Garden of the Soul* and I habitually said the “Memorare,” though I duly attended Anglican worship. I recollect receiving Communion with great devotion at St. Paul’s, Knightsbridge, indeed, I have rarely felt greater devotion since. Even while at Clapham I had gone far towards accepting the doctrine of the Real Presence and had a High Church Manual of Devotion with a translation of the *Lauda Sion*. While at Addison Road under Davies’ tuition I had read a variety of Catholic controversial tracts and was studying carefully Milner’s *End of Religious Controversy*. No book was ever written, I believe, more fully convincing in the special dispute between Catholic and orthodox Protestant, and it was little wonder that poor Davies was powerless in arguing with me, armed as I then was.

Meanwhile, my taste for architecture and ecclesiology was further developed and stimulated at Brewer’s. I was greatly pleased with a visit to Cambridge which I paid with my father on the occasion of Hemming (of Pritchard’s) becoming Senior Wrangler. I assisted at a wine party in Hemming’s room where one reverend gentleman was so carried away by his emotions as to become slightly intoxicated.

I was much charmed with A. W. Pugin’s books, his *A Plea for the Revival of Christian Architecture*, his *Present State of Christian Architecture in England*, his *Contrasts*, and a smaller work reprinted from the DUBLIN REVIEW in which was much anti-reformation matter, and



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many attractive plates of Catholic churches recently built. I quite hungered and thirsted to see these, and at last in the spring of 1844, I got permission to make a tour and see as many as I could of them, being accompanied by an Italian manservant named Luigi.

'I began, on Easter Monday, 1844, by going by rail from Euston Square to Birmingham. I put up at the "Hen and Chickens," thenceforth my constant resort when at Birmingham. I had a great desire not only to see Pugin's buildings but also to obtain some practical knowledge of the Catholic Church, to understand its working, and to make acquaintance with some members of its clergy.

'My first visit, therefore, was to St. Chad's Cathedral. The exterior a little disappointed me, but the very lofty interior, with its tall columns reaching to the roof, there being no clerestory, impressed me exceedingly. The sight also was very novel to me, it was the first "Revival" I had seen, and the solemnity of the large building, the fine rood-screen, surmounted by its large ancient rood, enclosing the Sanctuary with its rich Altar, above which was the shrine of St. Chad, the whole surmounted by a handsome canopy, made a deep impression on my mind. After seeing the church I expressed a wish to visit the bishop's house, which I already knew by the illustrations in Pugin's article republished from the DUBLIN REVIEW. Whilst I was seeing the dining hall (a very successful room) the Reverend John Moore, Head Priest of the Mission, came in and we introduced ourselves to each other. "Are you a Catholic?" "No." "Why not?" "I hardly know," were among the first sentences we exchanged, for I had already almost convinced myself of the truth of Catholicism, and but few difficulties remained. In the afternoon Mr. Moore took me to see the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Handsworth. I was greatly delighted with the Convent, and while returning, my guide put an end to the difficulty I had until then felt as to Communion in one kind. We then returned to the Cathedral, in the evening service of which I

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heartily joined and certainly prayed earnestly for guidance and direction.

'On Easter Tuesday I was up early and heard a "Missa Cantata" at St. Chad's, but was quite unable to follow the Mass with my Missal.

'I then started to see Pugin's church of St. Giles at Cheadle which had been built by John, Sixteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, regardless of expense, as a real restoration of an ancient English parish church. The appearance of this interior, however, disappointed me and seemed to want dignity. Pugin, I subsequently heard, was greatly disgusted with the painting of the "Last Judgment" for the chancel arch which, having been done by an Italian, had no representation of the conventional "Hell-Mouth" of mediæval times. I then visited Alton Towers, but I was much less pleased with that house than with the partially built "Hospital of St. John," which seemed to me a gem of Gothic architecture. I had come to Alton in a post-chaise and in that I returned to Lichfield, which I reached at 2 o'clock in the morning of April 10th.

'In spite of my late hour of going to bed I was in Lichfield Cathedral at 8 o'clock next morning, being impatient to return to Birmingham, which I reached at an early hour, only to leave it again for Nottingham after having settled with Mr. Moore a course of proceeding for the next two days.

'On my arrival at Nottingham I went to the priest's house, where I accepted an invitation to early dinner, and dined with the Right Reverend Drs. Walsh and Wiseman, both then seen for the first time. The benign kindness of old Dr. Walsh pleased me greatly. After dinner we walked to see the Church of St. Barnabas (then in course of construction) and later I went by rail with the two Bishops to Derby. The Rev. Mr. Faber, then a High Church parson, was in the carriage with us and I was greatly impressed by the refined courtesy of his manner. After calling to see the church and making acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. Sing, I returned to Birmingham that night.

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‘On Thursday, April 11th, I paid my first visit to Oscott, driving over with Mr. Moore after hearing Mass at St. Chad’s. At Oscott I then first made the acquaintance of the Rev. George Spencer (afterwards Father Ignatius), the Rev. Dr. Errington (afterwards Archbishop), the Rev. F. Searle, the Rev. F. Amherst (afterwards Bishop), P. L. P. Renouf and George Mann.

‘On the 13th I returned to London and there remained until the 23rd. During this interval I resided at Mr. Brewer’s and went to King’s College, occasionally attending Vespers at Warwick Street, or hearing an 8 o’clock Mass there.

‘On Ascension Day, May 16th, I attended a Protestant service at King’s College Chapel and immediately afterwards High Mass at Warwick Street.

‘Sunday, May 19th, was the last time I attended the Protestant service. Having obtained leave of absence from Dr. Jelf, Head of King’s College, I started for Nottingham on May 23rd with Luigi, as before, for my servant. My father and mother had now much fear that I should become a Catholic, and if I did this my father told me he should no longer consider me as his son. But I felt he was much too kind and indulgent to carry out any such threat, however much he might mean it when he said it.

‘On May 24th I went to St. Bernard’s Cistercian Monastery, the new building (designed by Pugin) which was then being erected. A lay brother, Brother Xavier, showed me round and I saw Father Bernard Palmer, the prior. I was much impressed with the air of reality about the whole thing. After my visit I went on to Birmingham where, on the morning of the 25th, Mr. Moore all but persuaded me to become a Catholic there and then, putting before me the example of the Apostle and the Eunuch, etc. Luigi was terribly dismayed at this, fearing the unpleasant consequences which might ensue to him should I consent, so I sent him home with a letter to my parents while I took up my abode at the Bishop’s house.

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‘On the 27th, while sitting at dinner in the refectory, I was called to my mother who had come down by the first available train full of distress and anxiety. So great was her trouble that I could not refuse to return home with her and wait a little. Delighted at my consent, she very willingly went with me to see the church which I was very anxious should, as well as the clergy, impress her favourably. The church did please her, as also did the Rev. Mr. Leith, whom we found at prayer within it. She also accompanied me to the convent and heard Benediction, and she seemed to like all except Mr. Moore, whom she very naturally distrusted, saying he looked “a regular Jesuit.”

‘On the 28th we returned to Brook Street where I endeavoured to please my father and mother as much as possible, and at their request went to call on our parish minister, the Rev. Mr. Cooper, at his house, to listen to all his arguments against the Church of Rome. I was amazed, and am so still, at my own success with him. He seemed unable to reply to my arguments, and gave my father to understand that his opinion was that my father had better let me go as it seemed to be God’s Will.

‘On June 1st my father received a letter from Dr. Wiseman which, coming as it did upon Mr. Cooper’s expression of opinion, decided him to let me go. Accordingly I set off as quickly as possible for the third time under the care of Luigi. My father having been called away to the City on some important business, I could not see him before I left home. To my great joy, however, he came to Euston Square Station and saw me. I was in the train about to start when he appeared and said very kindly, “I felt I must come and say, God bless you, before you left London.”

‘On my arrival at Birmingham I was welcomed at the Bishop’s house and there remained, and that evening made the acquaintance of Charles Delabarre Bodenham, a very amiable young man.

‘June 2nd, Trinity Sunday.—On this day I was received into the Church. At Mr. Moore’s particular request the

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ceremony took place immediately after High Mass. The priest and assistants came to the front of the sanctuary, Mr. Moore (celebrant) being seated, while I, standing under the arch of St. Chad's rood-screen, read out the Creed of Pius IV. It was for me a nervous business, and the congregation crowded round to have a nearer view of me, but Mr. Moore came to the rescue and took me away over to the Bishop's house. The following day I first met Mr. Scott Murray, then a recent convert, who had come to pass a few days here and in the neighbourhood. Scott Murray was then still M.P. for Buckinghamshire.

'Sunday, June 9th.—On this day I made my first Communion. After the High Mass, Scott Murray and I carried two of the poles of the canopy in the procession, and my arm was so paralysed by it that I could not raise my wineglass to my mouth at dinner.

'On the 13th I went with Mr. Hardman (the celebrated manufacturer of the metal work designed by Pugin) and family to the opening of the Brewood Church, a pretty but very small one of Pugin's. The next day I returned home.

'June 21st.—On this day I went to Confession at Spanish Place Chapel, to Dr. P., a Frenchman. He was the most intolerably disagreeable confessor I ever met with. A few days afterwards this was explained to me by Bodenham who told me the Dr. was one of the French Rigidist School of Gallican with perhaps some Jansenistic views. He then introduced me to excellent Father Brownbill, then living at the Jesuits' house in Bolton Street, Piccadilly, and I adopted him as my regular confessor.

'The Amhersts and the Rev. Mr. Flanagan (historian) came to town and with them and Bodenham I went on a pilgrimage to Canterbury. I also saw a good deal of Scott Murray then at his house in Cavendish Square. He introduced me to Mr. Douglas, a convert, who lived in Eaton Square, and subsequently became a Redemptorist and built the church at Clapham. He also took me to Pugin, then living in Cheyne Walk. Pugin showed me some beautiful drawings and Gothic jewellery of his

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wife's designed by him for her. I little thought, poor lady, how soon I should take an important part at her funeral.

'It was now high time that my education, which had been interrupted by my conversion and consequent separation from King's College, should be resumed. Mr. Moore had persuaded my parents and me that this should be done at Oscott, and on this day my mother and I started for Birmingham to settle all the arrangements. I had, however, persuaded her not to go straight there, so we first went to Nottingham to stay a night. The next day we visited the Cistercian Monastery of Mount St. Bernard. My mother was much pleased therewith and with good, simple Father Palmer, the Superior. For me the place was very agreeable and attracted me more at each visit paid to it. On July 27th we went to Derby where my mother made the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Sing. The next day we went to Birmingham and as usual put up at the "Hen and Chickens." It was finally arranged that I should take a trip to France in company with Mr. Moore, and should thereafter enter at Oscott, but I continued at Birmingham until August 5th.

'On August 22nd I was surprised by the arrival of Mr. Moore, who had been summoned unexpectedly to town on account of the death of Mrs. Pugin. We went together to see what progress was making at St. George's, Southwark, and at his request I undertook to accompany and see to the removal of poor Mrs. Pugin's remains down to Birmingham, as she was to be interred in the crypt of St. Chad's. On August 24th I took the coffin down and it was placed in the Bishop's private chapel, and then in the evening we recited Matins and Lauds of the Dead. Pugin was determined to have a thoroughly "Gothic" funeral. The coffin was of the mediæval shape, widening to the head, and with a high-pitched cover. The funeral was as solemn as possible.

'On August 27th, I went to Nottingham to help in preparation for the opening of St. Barnabas', which took



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place next day, a number of bishops assisting. Among these was an amiable old gentleman, the Bishop of Cork (I think, Dr. Murphy), who was renowned for possessing a very fine library. On the eve of the ceremony we had chatted together for some time and when next day he walked in the grand procession with the other bishops, he spied me in the congregation and nodded very good-naturedly, but with a rather comic effect, as he was very short and his enormous mitre seemed almost half the length of his body, so that its rapid oscillation in nodding had a droll appearance. The Church of St. Barnabas was a very solemn one, but too dark, though I much admired its long narrow lancet windows. On September 1st Mr. Moore and I started on our journey.'

The details of this trip, which lasted nearly two months, have been set down by my father in considerable detail, but though many points are interesting they are not for introduction in this article. Although the great change had now been made, some of the details of my father's stay at Oscott appear sufficiently interesting to be here recalled. He went into residence at Oscott on October 21st.

He says: 'Dr. Wiseman was then rector, Dr. Logan, vice-rector, the bishop's secretary was Mr. (afterwards Monsignor) Searle. As he very often drove Bishop Wiseman out, the lads' name for him was "Jarvey Searle." F. Amherst was a divine, as also were Eyre (afterwards Rector of Stonyhurst), Bernard Smith (afterwards of Great Marlow) and George Talbot (afterwards resident at Rome). Mr. George Mann was procurator. Peter Le Page Renouf was also a divine and became my private tutor. I had a room in St. Joseph's corridor, its windows looking out on to the chapel. The Hon. and Rev. George Spencer acted as parish priest. He was a popular confessor, and mine; a man of singular sweetness. John Wheble (who died as military chaplain in the Crimea), of Reading, was sacristan. All the chapel functions, and its furniture, vestments, etc., were in excellent taste and the authorities were generally under the full influence

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of the Pugin movement, though such was not the case with Dr. (afterwards Archbishop) Errington. Among the students I may mention Bartolomeo Maria Pisani, Charles Turner, Francis Turville, Francis Stonor, and his young brother Edmund (afterwards Archbishop at Rome), John (now Lord Dormer) and John (now Lord Acton).

'On November 1st Bishop Wiseman drove me into Birmingham with him for the function at St. Chad's. From this to Christmas I did not learn much. Renouf was not a good teacher, not seeming able to explain sufficiently. One day he set me a paper on which I found "Analyse your ideas of Space and Time." This was to me a poser. Later he explained to me Idealism, and something of Fichte and Kant. Also he gave me Guizot's *History of Civilization* to read, and some of Ida von Hahn-Hahn's novels translated, of which I only now recollect *Ulrich*.'

The month of January, 1845, was passed at home, and from the notes I have appears to have been a fairly festive period, with much theatre-going and parties, but it is plainly evident that Oscott and all its associations were strongly in mind.

At the beginning of February he returned to Oscott, the usual visit to Mount St. Bernard's Abbey being first paid.

A quaint incident is recorded as having happened on April 24th: 'This evening, having received a hamper of wine and various things from home, I had a few friends to visit my room, amongst them Frank Amherst, Eyre, and other divines. Under the cheering influence of the contents of my hamper they became rather boisterous, dressing up in some of my things, including my cap and cassock, and I think some eccentric dance steps were being executed when suddenly the door opened and Bishop Wiseman's head appeared, whereat one jumped on to the bed, another dived under it, another under the table, and so on. "Come! come! Go to bed! Go to bed!" was all the Bishop said, but next day I called upon him to make a formal apology.

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‘Frank Amherst (afterwards Bishop) was a delightful companion, full of interesting anecdotes of matters observed by him abroad, and of sympathy and good taste in matters ecclesiastical. He was a fine manly fellow, a passionate lover of hunting. I have hitherto omitted to say that my position at Oscott was that of parlour-boarder, so that I belonged to a category of my own, there being no other such boarder, and I seemed to rank between a “Divine” and a “Philosopher,” the highest class of lay student being so-called. As, however, I had some leanings towards the ecclesiastical state, I was allowed to wear a cassock and a square-topped Oxford cap. At this time Oscott was at its best, Dr. Wiseman having so great a reputation. Our life was as follows: A bell carried round the corridors called us at five, I think. At half-past five there was meditation for one hour in chapel, then morning prayers, then Mass. My meals I took in the large dining-room with the Professors. The “Divines” dined alone, all the rest in the large refectory. The Professors’ dinner was in the middle of the day, there was tea about five, and a supper with bread and cheese and beer about eight o’clock. Our dining-room was decorated with large oil paintings, several by Herbert, R.A., a portrait of Dr. Wiseman in Cappa Magna, one of Dr. Weedall (in cope), the previous Rector, and one of Dr. Walsh our Bishop. Dr. Walsh was Bishop of Cambrayopolis and Vicar Apostolic of the Central District, Dr. Wiseman being coadjutor. There was also a portrait of Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Hobart in Tasmania. The stone fireplace was carved with coats of arms partly gilt. On the first floor in the direct centre of the building was a drawing-room for visitors. A corridor, lighted by windows looking into the quadrangle, ran along behind the rooms on the first floor. This corridor was a fine broad one above the cloisters underneath. On the east side of the tower, with doors opening from this corridor, were the rooms of the President and Vice-President, and many pictures lined the corridor. Dr. Wiseman had for manservant one, Newman, long after-

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wards not only servant to him as Cardinal, but also to Cardinal Manning, and probably known to three generations of Catholics.

'The entrance to the College grounds was through a charming gateway of Pugin's with a beautiful Madonna in a niche over the gate. The neighbourhood was very wild and open. Sutton Coldfield, an open heath and lovely woods with large trees and a lake-like pond, lay between the College and the village of Sutton. These Sutton woods were quite unenclosed and part of the original British Forest. There was no conveyance to Birmingham unless a "fly" was hired expressly, but it was only a seven mile walk at the most. I was not free to go to Birmingham without express permission, which was pretty readily accorded.

'Some of the divines, including Renouf, under the lead of Mr. Spencer, formed a small voluntary association, which I joined, for the purpose of reciting the whole Office daily in choir. This we used to do in the large Sanctuary of the chapel, each wall of which was lined with stalls of carved wood, old Renaissance work. Matins and Lauds were recited the last thing in the evening.

'The library was a very fine one, in a very long room on the first floor on the right side of the tower. I recollect in the library a collection of Bollandists' *Vitae Sanctorum*, also the *Ceremonies Religieuses*, and a large series of French scientific journals of the beginning of the century. A certain Padre Garoni, from Monte Cassino, was then arranging the library according to a system of his own.

'At the top of the central tower was the Museum with some fine old needlework, vestments and Catholic antiquities, among others a permission from a magistrate to a gentleman, a "Popish Recusant," to go into an adjoining county to woo a lady.

'On May 11th, 1845, I was confirmed by Dr. Wiseman and for my confirmation name took that of Francis, having had a special attraction to St. Francis of Assisi before I joined the Catholic Church.'

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Thus, at the age of seventeen years and six months, my father was received into the Church, having worked his own way thither in answer to the voice speaking unmistakably in his soul. A keen sense of the beauty of Gothic architecture brought him quickly to realize the sublimer beauty of Catholic ritual; and, from that moment, all doubts seem to have melted like mist before the sun. Every convert is not always able in after years clearly to recall exactly how and when he first found the lamp of Faith brightly burning, but, as St. Paul wrote to the Galatians—"all these things one and the same Spirit worketh, dividing to everyone according as He will."

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# THE LAW OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

## I

THE League of Nations began with the ratifying of the Treaty of Versailles on January 20th, 1920. The nature of the League, its purpose and its authority are derived from this treaty, and are described and formulated in "the Covenant of the League of Nations" which forms part of the treaty.

In its membership the League has over fifty states; but it does not as yet include Germany, Russia, or the United States of America. The League is said to represent 1,300,000,000 people out of 1,700,000,000, the estimated population of the world. It falls little short of being a Universal Council of Nations.

The purpose of the League is set out in the preamble of the Covenant, thus:

### "THE HIGH CONTRACTING PARTIES,

In order to promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security—

By the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war;

By the prescription of open, just and honourable relations between nations;

By the firm establishment of the understandings of international law as the actual rule of conduct among Governments; and

By the maintenance of justice and a scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations in the dealings of organized peoples with one another,

Agree to this Covenant of the League of Nations."

The clause which will occupy us here is the third, "by the establishment of the understandings of international law as the actual rule of conduct among governments."

Professor Gilbert Murray, in his quasi-official introduction to the League of Nations Union's tract, *The Covenant*



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*Explained*, speaks of the "laws" of the League and of the ideal of the League as being one "of co-operation and of law." It is not idle to note here that the only law referred to in the preamble is "the understandings of international law." At once a Catholic mind will be inclined to hesitate over the purpose of the League. Is it not rather justice between nations than international peace that the world looks for? Is international law, such as we know it to-day, based on justice? Is it not rather based on expediency? First, however, it is necessary to inquire what is the "law" of the League itself. The question is fundamental.

The League must follow, or use, or apply, or as others would say, administer, some law which is more or less accepted by the nations. The League has no authority to legislate. It must adopt and apply existing laws. General Smuts thinks that it ought to have power to legislate, and that until it possesses this power the League of Nations is useless. This, however, would be to turn the League into a Central *Government* of Nations. He says: "It will not be sufficient merely to erect an institution for the purpose of settling international disputes after they have arisen; it will be necessary to devise an instrument of government which will deal with the causes and sources of disputes."\* This is idealism; and any attempt at the present time to secure such a position for the League would disrupt it. But there is no room for misunderstanding General Smuts' conception of the League as a government. "The sweeping away [by the Great War] of the Imperial systems of Europe leaves the space vacant which the new institution must occupy."† We must be content to take the League as constituted by its Covenant drawn up at the Peace Conference. Moreover, as will become clearer later, the League can probably accomplish more without being a legislator, if it will adopt as its law some system of law which has already become in its principles a tradition in Europe and America.

We need not accept the extreme pessimist view, dis-

\* *The League of Nations*, General Smuts, 1918, p. 70.

† *Ibid.*, p. 70.

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played by our politicians and by the Press, of the state of Europe ; but there is enough to compel a comparison between the existing chaos and that which filled the world after the breakdown of the Roman empire and under the invasion of the barbarians, and to mark the similarity of the task of the early centuries of the Catholic Church to that to-day confronting the League of Nations. Still, the opinion of General Smuts illustrates the revolutionary hopes of some of those who support the League, and emphasizes the need of some body of law which will serve as the Law of the League in the functions which have been assigned to it by the Treaty of Versailles. We can well quote General Smuts again, this time with approval : "Vast social and industrial changes are coming, perhaps upheavals, which in their magnitude and effects may be comparable to war itself. A steadying, controlling, regulating influence will be required to give stability to progress."\* Such an influence can only be found in law, and for such law we daily meet the following names : The Law of Nations, the Natural Law, the *Jus Gentium*, International Law. Writers and speakers about the League of Nations slip quite easily from the use of one name into the use of another, as if the terms were all equivalent, and all and each stood for the code of law that must necessarily be the Law of a League of Nations. Yet occasionally conscious that they are all inadequate, a wider term is added ; and we meet with the "Moral Law."

These several terms, however, are not all of identical signification ; and to interchange them as if they were so, hinders any advance towards a solution of the fundamental problem—which of these is the law of the League, the law which is to guide its own activities, and by means of which it can help towards the maintenance of a world peace ?

It may seem a platitude to say that the law of a League of Nations must be the Law of Nations, but a very brief inquiry will reveal that to-day there is no such branch of

\* *Ibid.*, p. 71.

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law as the Law of Nations. If we pursue the term in history it disappears, losing itself in the *Jus Gentium* and in the Law of Nature. If we trace it from its early use to our own time, it is gradually replaced by International Law; a term unknown till the end of the Eighteenth Century. As we shall presently see, it would be a mis-translation to suppose that *Jus Gentium* is the Latin for Law of Nations. The terms Natural Law, *Jus Gentium*, and International Law stand each for a distinct reality.

First, of Natural Law. Natural Law, the *Jus Naturale*, is of universal validity. Everything in the world—matter, plants, animals, man—is moved to action and is guided in its action by some definite inclinations. They are immutable; they are placed there by “nature”;—that the Christian here understands nature to mean God makes no difference to the fact that these inclinations exist. Just as a scientist can make no advance in knowledge, and as plants and animals cannot be improved by man except by assuming the existence of these uniform tendencies, so man cannot be raised above his animal condition, cannot be “civilized,” except by training him in accordance with these inborn tendencies.\* This natural law forces man into some form of social life, and dictates to him some sort of rule, some elements of law by which such social life becomes possible and is preserved. This natural law applies to his whole being and provides the first inclinations and continued directive force to his mind and reason. This natural law in man is universal: it belongs by nature to all nations and peoples, no matter what their degree of civilization.

What are the exact dictates to man of this natural law is difficult to determine, but by the mass of men they are sufficiently known and sufficiently widely accepted to leave it clear that any authority which would attempt, whether by persuasion or compulsion, to give laws to the nations of the world—and to do this is what the League of Nations aims to achieve—must see to it that its laws are in accord with the law of Nature.

\* Cronin, *The Science of Ethics*, 1909.

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The next term used for the Law of the League is the *Jus Gentium*—not surely because it is well understood and recognized as a law common to all civilized peoples, but rather because it appears to be the Latin form of “a law of Nations.” Yet in the civilizing of Europe after the fall of the Roman empire, the *Jus Gentium* was the great instrument used by the Catholic Church in saving the civilization of the Roman world. We must understand exactly what it is.

The *Jus Gentium* was a branch of Roman Law. The population of the Roman world was divided into Roman citizens, and those who were not Roman citizens. From the earliest days of Rome the latter outnumbered the former, and as time went on their numerical superiority increased, and the history of Rome “is little more than a narration of conflicts between a stubborn nationality and all alien populations.”\* Roman Law was divided into Civil Law which was the law for the Roman citizens, and the *Jus Gentium* which was the law for all other inhabitants of the Roman world. It was derived by the Roman jurists from the natural law as practised among the nations. It was the rules of conduct dictated by natural reason, and made explicit by tradition, and by rules and customs of social intercourse; varying, of course, in various nations, but in its principles common to all peoples. Not all these rules and customs were good; some were far otherwise, as bad as could be, *iniquissimum*. The question for the Roman jurist was to determine how far it was wise to admit these rules and customs as a part of the Roman law by which this or that part of foreign peoples should be governed. They became Roman law by the edict of the prætor. The advantages of this *Jus Naturale* may be thus summarized: “(1) Its potential universal applicability to all men; (2) among all peoples; (3) at all times; and (4) its correspondence with the innate conviction of right.” Its principles to a non-legal mind may seem few and remote; they are thus formulated: “(1) Recognition of claims of blood; (2) duty of

\* Maine, *Ancient Law*, 1897, p. 47.

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faithfulness to engagements; (3) appointment of advantage and disadvantage, gain and loss, according to the standard of equity; (4) supremacy of the *voluntatis ratio* (intention) over the words or form in which the will is manifested." These speculative principles, however, became, as has been said, practical law and were applied to cases by the edicts of the prætor. It was this combination of natural law with local custom that constituted the *Jus Gentium*. "All nations," said the Institutional treatise of Justinian, "who are ruled by laws and customs, are governed partly by their own particular laws and partly by those laws which are common to all mankind."\* "Whenever a particular usage was seen (by the Roman jurists) to be practised by a large number of separate races in common, it was set down as part of the law common to all nations," i.e., part of the *Jus Gentium*.†

The above explanation of the origin of the *Jus Gentium* is sufficient for our present purpose, and will make it comparatively easy to trace its history in the centuries when it was developed and used by the Roman Church in laying the foundations of Christian civilization. To trace this story will be still easier if we can first fix a clear meaning to the phrase International Law.

Before doing this it will be useful to call attention once again to the similarity between the work achieved by the Catholic Church and that which now confronts the League. The similarity suggests that the League may find in the *Jus Gentium* some guidance in dealing with the nations of to-day. Both the Roman empire and the Church had power to legislate; but the latter did not make civil laws directly for the Christian states; the League has no authority at all to legislate; but it has representative power of seven-ninths of the population of the world, and if it cannot make laws it can frame a code for its work from the Natural Law and from laws that are common to all nations—a modern *Jus Gentium*.

The Covenant seems to say that the League is to take International Law as the law of the League. Some little

\* *Ibid.*, p. 46.

† *Ibid.*, p. 49.

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time ago Lord Birkenhead urged the futility of relying upon International Law to restore any order or prosperity to Europe. His attack drew replies. Neither view seemed conclusive, and perhaps further consideration of the question may be useful. Certainly no other is so important; for the success or failure of the League would seem to depend on this matter of the League's Law.

In the first place the Covenant does not say that International Law is to be the actual rule of conduct among governments; but that the "understandings" of International Law were to be so. This is not a distinction without a difference, and if the Covenant meant simply International Law, it would hardly use the roundabout phrase "understandings of international law."

Further, there seems to be some ambiguity in the sense of the word "international." It is sometimes used of "the rules which determine the conduct of the general body of civilized states in their dealings with each other."\* It is also frequently used for laws which are common to several nations.

## II

All efforts to secure peace for the world are now centred round the establishment of International Law. What exactly is this International Law? If International Law is the great source of hope, the term itself is as great a source of confusion,—Hugo Grotius (1625) is sometimes called the founder of "International Law." The term, however, was not known until 1789, when it was first used by Bentham. He introduced it deliberately so as to mark the new sense which had become attached to the phrase "Law of Nations." His words are worth quoting: "The word *international*, it must be acknowledged, is a new one; though, it is hoped, sufficiently analogous and intelligible. It is calculated to express, in a more significant way, the branch of law which goes commonly under the name of 'Law of Nations,' an

\* *American and English Ency. of Law.*



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appellation so uncharacteristic that, were it not for the force of custom, it would seem rather to refer to internal jurisprudence. The Chancellor d'Aguesseau has already made, I find, a similar remark: he says that what is commonly called *droit des gens* ought rather to be termed *droit entre les gens*. There remain then the mutual transactions between sovereigns as such, for the subject of that branch of jurisprudence which may be properly and exclusively termed international.”\* For Bentham a law of nations such as was the *Jus Gentium* of Roman Law and of the Middle Ages, i.e., an effective law which was common to all countries, did not exist. It was an unreality. The change in the meaning of the phrase had been growing gradually: it had been observed before him by others. It was a change from the *Jus Gentium*, the common law of nations, to a law between nations. It was a new thing and he gave it a new name; but the sense of the old *Jus Gentium* which the new name was to substitute still clings to the new phrase, and so we have the words “International Law” with a double meaning. Bentham, as he tells us, found other “transactions between sovereigns,” and these transactions had to be regulated, and the laws by which these transactions are guided and controlled he very rightly describes as International. But the Great War has taught us the need of the old *Jus Gentium*: meanwhile, the name, together with the thing, has gone. The confusion is inevitable, and speakers and writers to-day commonly use the term as if it was an equivalent to the earlier *Jus Gentium*. “It is almost unnecessary to add,” writes Maine, “that the confusion between *Jus Gentium*, or the law common to all nations, and *International Law* is entirely modern. The classical expression for International Law is *Jus Feciale*, or the law of negotiation and diplomacy.”† We have the phrase “fetial law” in English, but it has fallen into desuetude; the French language still keeps the word “*fécial*.”

The use of these two words for the two classes of law

\* Introduction to the *Principles of Morals and Legislation*, 1789.

† Maine, p. 53.

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would be a great boon. There can be no science of law if we use equivocal terms.

Again, in the strict sense of law there would seem to be no such thing as this so-called International Law of modern times. There are treaties between two or more states, there are agreements, customs, usages, decisions of courts, articles of conference, judgments of "international" courts, of arbitrators, of committees of inquiry, all of which provide precedents, and offer material to guide governments in diplomacy and in arranging their differences with foreign countries; but they are not strictly law. This is the view of John Austin, Lord Salisbury, Lord Coleridge, and now of Lord Birkenhead, and "has been more or less the view not only of British statesmen but also of many practical English jurists."\* Those who controvert this opinion rely upon the view that in the modern "International Law" the needful sanction is found in the force of general consent and of public opinion; but "Ce commune consentement des peuples que l'on suppose avoir force de loi est une chose qu'on ne prouvera jamais."†

In a wider sense, no doubt, all these agreements are law, but only for those powers that have been parties to them. They are not law for all nations. In this restricted view of their validity they will be of great use to the League of Nations. In the future the League will keep a register of all such agreements, and it will have opportunity to extend their influence or to secure, if necessary, ‡ some modification of their terms; but there is no evidence in the Convention that the League Council has power to extend their obligation as law. It acts rather as a consulting barrister.

Now that we have called attention to the two senses attaching to the phrase International Law, viz. (a) that which is common to all nations, the *Jus Gentium*, and (b) that which regulates "the relations and intercourse of states with one another," the *Jus Feciale*, it will save the

\* *Ency. Britt.*, Vol. XIV, p. 694.

† *Ibid.*, Barbeyrac.

‡ Art. 12, 13, 19.

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reader annoyance if, hereinafter, they are distinguished by using the phrase "Public Law of the world" for the former, and Fetial Law for the latter, in cases where it is necessary to distinguish the senses involved in the widely used words International Law.

There is another fact in connection with this attempt to secure for these Fetial rules the position of public law of the world, which must not be overlooked. These "International" arrangements are mostly between the great Powers: we may narrow the statement and say between the Great Maritime Powers; we may narrow it still further and say that for the most part these Fetial laws are agreements between the English-speaking countries; and it would seem to be these latter that would arrogate to rules made for their own convenience and benefit the title of "International" Law, or the *Jus Gentium*. The claim prejudices the position of the League with other states, and it gives ground for the opinion, not uncommon amongst foreigners, that the League of Nations is an Anglo-Saxon organization, and that through it and by means of this so-called "International Law" the English-speaking races aim at being the law-makers of the world, by getting their Fetial rules made the public law of the world.

There is yet another fact which may be called almost a menace to the League. We must recognize that to-day there are powerful social and political forces which have never been voiced in this so-called International Law. As examples I need mention only these: the new form of democracy that we see in Italy and in Spain, which is dawning in France and is moving in the East, and of which whispers are heard in our own country: then there are the "wage-earning classes" and "labour"; and lastly there is the Holy See. None of these has had a voice in framing these existing Fetial laws. This defect in their origin seems fatal when they claim to be ranked as a part of the public law of the world.

As time passes (and in the development of public law for the world we can measure the passing of time by no

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smaller unit than the decade) the League of Nations may be entrusted by the civilized peoples with power to legislate for them. In the meanwhile its work must be something different, not indeed less important and probably much more difficult—to discover and to formulate the “fragments” of the Law of Nations. To codify these fragments, it will be remembered, was the important item on the programme of the “First Peace Conference.” Now that we have cleared the meaning of the words “Law of Nations,” “International Law,” and *Jus Gentium* we can reach a closer and more practical signification for “the code of fragments of the Law of Nations.” It is a code of those existing laws and customs which are “common to all nations,” a new *Jus Gentium*. The business of the League is not to rule, not “to govern,” not to legislate, but steadily, foot by foot, like sailors, to clew up the wilfulness of the nations to the straight, strong yard-arms of the common law of the world.

The process of this codification might be made by a comparison of the laws and statutes of all the existing states of the world, but a history of modern legislation will not encourage this method. For some centuries past much of the legislation has been made in a spirit against which the present generation is in rebellion. It was made without any regard to the common good of nations. Much has been framed by each country solely with a view to its own interests, and even so has proved both costly and oppressive to the majority of its own people.

### III

Grotius has been claimed as the Founder of International Law. The claim cannot be made good. He recognized that the old conception of one all-pervading law of justice, universal for all nations, both in time of war and of peace, no longer had any influence on men's

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conduct, and entitled his book not on the Law of Nations but *De Jure Belli et Pacis*. He was aware of the ambiguous sense in the phrase "Law of Nations," and while Bentham, emphasizing one of the ambiguities, created a new branch of law, the "International," Grotius, over-stressing the other, exaggerated the authority of the Law of Nature. "He, with his immediate predecessors and his immediate successors, attributed to the Law of Nature an authority which would never, perhaps, have been claimed for it if Law of Nations had not in that age been an ambiguous expression. They laid down unreservedly that Natural Law is the Code of States, and thus put in operation a process which has been continued almost to our own day, the process of engrafting on the international system rules which are supposed to have been evolved from the unassisted contemplation of the conception of Nature."\*

Grotius died in 1645. A century later Rousseau was fascinating all Europe with a brilliant and fantastic account of the natural condition of man, and of the Law of Nature. In 1758 appeared de Vattel's *The Law of Nations*. It quickly superseded Grotius' book, and up to 1914 it formed the opinion of Europe. The author was a Swiss and a subject of the Prussian Crown. His philosophy of Sovereign States held sway until it perished in the conflagration of the Great War which itself had kindled. The two following passages from his work are sufficient to display the character of de Vattel's political philosophy:

. . . If she [a nation] makes an ill use of her liberty, she is guilty of a breach of duty; but other nations are bound to acquiesce in her conduct, since they have no right to dictate to her.†

Each nation in fact maintains that she has justice on her side in every dispute that happens to arise; and it does not belong to either of the parties interested, or to other nations, to pronounce a judgment on the contested question.‡

\* Maine, p. 100.

† *Law of Nations*, Preliminaries, § 20.

‡ *Ibid.*, § 21.

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It would be easy to collect passages from de Vattel in which he insists that all government must be based on and directed by justice, but all these are in practice controlled by the principle that a nation (or its ruler) is the sole judge of its own actions.

In contrast with the International Law as conceived by Bentham, and the absolute, irresponsible authority of each nation as taught by de Vattel, stands the *Jus Gentium*, not indeed as it began and formed part of the pagan law of Rome, but as corrected and modified and embodied in the Canon Law of the Church. In this process the Roman law received the character of all Christian law, formulated as early as 850 in the Pseudo-Isidorian *Decretals*.

There is no need here to give any outline, even the briefest, of the history of how the Catholic Church gradually converted the Roman world, and civilized its barbarian conquerors and the nations beyond the empire. The process was without plan: it began with the apostles and spread with the erection of each episcopal see and missionary settlement. By the middle of the Sixth Century the "Roman institutions had altered or decayed." "This (A.D. 570) is the moment in which the ancient society seems to disappear completely, and a new one begins to arise."

This new society was built up by the Catholic Church and the law which she used throughout was the Roman Civil Law and the *Jus Gentium*, Christianized by the law of the Gospels. The legal forms by which this change in the character of pagan law was effected were the letters of the Roman pontiffs, Canons of Councils, and Synodal Decrees. This Christianized Roman Law became the Canon Law of the Church and so complete was the fusion that by the Twelfth Century it was a maxim of the *Corpus Juris* "That the Church acts according to Roman Law where Canon Law is silent."\* This Canon Law was International Law in the sense that it was the public law of the world. In all disputes, in all wars between

\* *Catholic Ency. Law*, Vol. IX, p. 59.



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nations, both sides accepted the authority of the same law, the Canon Law of the Church. It was for all not only a universal jurisprudence, but definite laws which applied to all nations and regulated their relations with one another. It was the Christianized *Jus Gentium*, the Catholic Law of Nations. Long before Bentham's time (1748-1832) this state of things had passed away. There was no longer any law for kings and rulers: "Each State (or Sovereign) was supreme mistress of its own actions," all other nations are bound to acquiesce in her conduct. No other nation or law has any right to pronounce judgment on the contested question. "If the quarrel was pushed, there was no remedy but war." The old law of nations, the Canon Law of the Middle Ages, the *droit des gens*, was gone.

The following two extracts will illustrate what has been said so far in this article, and are evidence of the growing feeling that in the study of the history of the Middle Ages and of its Canon Law, some light may be found to guide us to a more sane philosophy of life than that which requires universal compulsory military service, and a periodic recurrence of the slaughter of millions of simple, guiltless, peace-loving, good-natured young men.

In the March number (1923) of the American quarterly review, *Foreign Affairs*, there is an article on "Ethics and International Relations," by John Dewey, in which he writes, when speaking of the work of Hugo Grotius and his successors:

It was not academic and professional, nor was it conceived primarily in the interests of the claims and ambitions of some particular state. These men were genuinely international, and for a time they had great effect in appeasing international strife and moralizing actual international relations. These basic contributions all sprang from a common moral source. They all expressed the idea of laws of nature which are moral laws of universal validity. The conception of laws of nature that are the fundamental moral laws of all human conduct of every kind and at all times and places was not a new one. Roman moralists had worked out the idea in connection with Roman jurisprudence; it was familiar to every civilian and canonist, and, indeed, to

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every educated man. The Catholic Church had made the notion fundamental to its whole doctrine of secular ethics, that is, of all obligations not springing from Divine revelation. And even these obligations only expressed a higher and more ultimate nature of things not accessible to man's unaided reason. The Protestant moralists and theologians equally built upon the conception.

Again we read in *The Times* of September 15th, 1916:

No one could have written the paragraph on the ninth Constitution of Clarendon on page 88 who had read the chapter on frankalmoign in the first volume of the *History of English Law*. It would be pedantic to pick out every mistake; what is most staggering is the contemptuous fashion in which Canon Law is referred to—that great system, which, if unequal to the Digest, can still bear comparison with it, and in its St. Isidores and Gratians and Innocents possesses rivals worthy of Ulpian and Papinian, which for many centuries of barbarism presents the only orderly and reasonable body of legal rules in our Western world, and is the great bridge which carries civilization from the ancient to the modern world. At least as having been obeyed by all Christian communities from the fifth to the fifteenth century it deserves respect; not necessarily for any devotional reason, but because it laid the solid foundations of the civilization we now enjoy. These errors in Mr. Hutton's very agreeable book are characteristic of the not altogether creditable want of knowledge of the mediæval past which afflicts even learned men in this country. One of its causes is certainly their timidity in approaching religious history; they do not allow themselves the boldness of thought and investigation of Continental scholars, and approach it with preconceived notions. The past may be different from the present and not altogether fit these notions, but nothing will be lost from acknowledging it. St. Thomas belonged to his age; through him we can understand it. His fame can only be obscured by leaving the past in which he lived misunderstood.\*

## IV

The Canon Law is not a subject of merely antiquarian interest; for more than a thousand years it was the

\* Review of Hutton's *Becket* in *Times*, Sept. 15th, 1916.

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Public Law of Christendom, and together with its *Concordats* it is still the Law of the Catholic Church and of Catholic countries. It is so actual that it has lately been revised and brought into accord with existing needs and issued to the whole Western Church by Pius X and Benedict XV as the Vatican Codex (1917). The story of this act of the two pontiffs is worth looking at in contrast with some popular beliefs about the popes.

Both in England and America, indeed in all English-speaking countries, there are two commonly accepted portraits of an infallible pope governing the universal Church. For many he is a harmless and, generally, an old man, the creature of a body of ambitious and scheming cardinals. He has attained the height of human ambition, and now he leads a placid, idle, but, for him no doubt, agreeable life, shut off from all the cares, struggles, miseries and labours of the people, indifferent to the advance of science and to the amusement of the crowd, knowing nothing even of the cost of living, abundantly satisfied with his exalted position, and his ceremonious intercourse with princes and nobles, envoys and diplomatists. Of business he has little to do, except to sign without question the documents and papers that are put before him. The wonder is how he can fill up his time and save himself from ennui. For others, the picture is the reverse; the pope is the most active, busy man in Christendom, interfering with and trying to control everybody and everything, regulating whom we may marry, and what food one may take on a Friday or a Vigil; he is the most absolute of autocrats, rendered unbalanced in mind by the thought of his infallibility; obstinate in all his opinions, intolerant of criticism, impatient of advice, impetuous in his decisions, for does not his infallibility render all acquired knowledge superfluous. He regards himself as the king of kings, the supreme head in all things, of all men and women, and with his bulls and encyclicals, letters apostolic, definitions and decrees, ignores all laws and all authority that is not his own delegation.

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Each pope in turn is thus endowed by these students of nature with a double personality ; for one section he "sits on his high throne in the Vatican" fulminating laws *urbi et orbi* ; for the other he is the willing instrument of the "power behind the throne." When referring, therefore, to the Canon Law, it is not a useless study to follow in brief the procedure of the popes in drawing up the recent Code.

The work was begun by Pius X in March, 1904, and was finished by Benedict XV and issued in May, 1917. Thirteen years ! No parliament or other legislative body was ever so deliberate. It was not that the work was delayed, or neglected, or hindered by dissensions or party exigencies, it was the necessary result of the immensity of the work itself, and of the democratic method adopted for securing the practical judgment of the world-wide Church. In the popes' method there was nothing headstrong, no sign of the autocrat's *sic volo sic jubeo*, no blind reliance on infallibility, no official carelessness of the needs and rights of the people. The instructions to the committee of jurists engaged in the work was but a repetition of those found in the Canon Law as far back as the middle of the Ninth Century.\*

Law shall be virtuous, just, possible to nature, according to the custom of the country, suitable to place and time, necessary, useful, clearly expressed, lest by its obscurity it lead to misunderstanding, framed for no private benefit, but for the common good of the people.

These instructions were fulfilled in the method adopted by the committee of jurists, which is fully described in the *Catholic Encyclopædia* under the heading *Codex* :

To secure the practical judgment of the whole Church, the archbishops of the entire world were directed to confer with their suffragans and the other ordinaries who are obliged to assist at provincial synods and to inform the Holy See what modifications and corrections of the laws they deemed especially necessary. The work was carried out under the direction of Cardinal Gasparri, and a commission of cardinals was appointed to examine, modify, and correct the proposed canons.

\* Pseudo Isidore *Decretals*, 847-853.

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A copy of the Code as completed and corrected was sent before its promulgation to all the bishops and to those superiors of religious orders who are legitimately invited to œcumenical councils, in order that they might freely express their views in regard to the Canons. After the death of Pius X the completed work was ratified, approved, and sanctioned by His Holiness Pope Benedict XV, as announced by his Bull *Providentissima Mater Ecclesia* (May 27th, 1917). . . . Then begins the Code proper, comprising 2,414 canons, occupying 456 octavo pages; the Canons are followed by reprints of eight papal constitutions dealing with Church government during a vacancy and with papal elections, examinations for vacant parishes, and marriages in the Indies, Brazil, and Ethiopia, and by a short general index, since supplemented by a detailed alphabetical index filling sixty-three octavo pages.

During the work all the five cardinals died, and others were appointed to fill their places. The labour must have been immense. To nearly every one of the 2,414 Canons there are references to the great *Corpus Juris*, averaging three or four references to each Canon.

The Code by itself does not contain all the Elements of the Christianized Roman Civil Law and of the *Jus Gentium*. In the course of the centuries these origins have been gradually separated into the Canon Law and Moral Theology. The first formal step may be fixed at the date when St. Antoninus published his *Summa Theologica Moralis* (1389-1459).

Like Canon Law, so Moral Theology springs from the dictates of the Natural Law. These dictates, illuminated by the Gospel, and extended by Christian experience, have given the world a science of Christian Ethics. How close Christian Ethics are to the Natural Law can be realized by a comparison of Aristotle's *Ethics* with Aquinas' *Summa*. Christian Ethics are not merely a philosophy, they are a practical law of conduct. This moral law covers life in its entirety. In it will be discovered the rules which regulate not merely the conduct of the individual, but also the conduct of men in their social relations, and so also of the conduct of nations in

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their relations one with another. This particular application of the moral law is treated of in the section named "Justice."

The Law of Justice is not international in the sense of giving any special rule for the conduct of nations in their relations one with another: it is not a "fetial" law. It is a universal law binding on all men, and so covering these international relations. It is the *Jus Gentium*. It is the true Law of Nations, not a special law between nations. In the mediæval Church, therefore, there was no attempt to make special laws to regulate the conduct of nations one with another. Her efforts were made to secure in these relations the universal moral law of justice. Her gospel for nations was the same as for individuals, might must give way to right; and right itself, justice itself, must submit to be tempered with mercy, which is the spirit of Christ. The change from the phrase *droit des gens* to the *droit entre les gens* marked a real change in the political teaching of Europe away from the mediæval.

The period of change during which the Public Law of Europe was being superseded by the modern conception of states began in the Fifteenth Century. With the gradual weakening of the old Canon Law there soon ceased to be any law controlling or regulating the relations of states one with another. The traditional system of promoting peace among the nations and of mitigating the mutual hate of adversaries, and the barbarism of even a just war, by an appeal to a moral law accepted by all nations, came to an end with the Renaissance: the new system began with the publication of Machiavelli's *Prince* and the diffusion of his theory of the "non-moral state" (1469-1527). "During the same period the evils of war were greatly increased by the absolutism of sovereigns and by the religious divisions which followed in the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century" (Dewey). Maine, in the fourth chapter of *Ancient Law*, when discussing the growth of territorial sovereignty, lays before his readers the confusion that reigned everywhere during



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this period in the struggle of ideas—imperial in Germany, feudal in the rest of Europe, ecclesiastical throughout, with the new conception of the non-moral state. He then comments (p. 110):

Whether the fusion of all the sources of authority would ultimately have evolved a system of international relations, and whether that system would have exhibited material differences from the fabric of Grotius, is not now possible to decide, for as a matter of fact the Reformation annihilated all its potential elements except one. Beginning in Germany, it [the Reformation] divided the princes of the empire by a gulf too broad to be bridged over by the Imperial supremacy, even if the Imperial superior had stood neutral. He, however, was forced to take colour with the Church against the reformers; the Pope was, as a matter of course, in the same predicament; and thus the two authorities to whom belonged the office of mediation between combatants became themselves the chiefs of one great faction in the schism of the nations. Feudalism, already enfeebled and discredited as a principle of public relations, furnished no bond whatever which was stable enough to countervail the alliances of religion. In a condition, therefore, of public law which was little less than chaotic, those views of a state system to which the Roman jurisconsults were supposed to have given their sanction alone remained standing. The shape, the symmetry, and the prominence which they assumed in the hands of Grotius, are known to every educated man; but the great marvel of the treatise *De Jure Belli et Pacis* was its rapid, complete, and universal success. The horrors of the Thirty Years' War, the boundless terror and pity which the unbridled licence of the soldiery was exciting, must, no doubt, be taken to explain that success in some measure; but they do not wholly account for it. Very little penetration into the ideas of that age is required to convince one that, if the ground plan of the international edifice which was sketched in the great book of Grotius had not appeared to be theoretically perfect, it would have been discarded by jurists and neglected by statesmen and soldiers.

After this date (1527) the restraining force of the Holy See, and the authority of the Canon Law, so long the common law of Europe, gradually declined and finally disappeared with the Treaty of Westphalia (October 24th, 1648).

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With the Treaty of Westphalia, St. Augustine's vision of the City of God passed, and the Christian hope of a new Roman Empire, that would be Christian and Holy, was blasted.

Whether "the great book of Grotius" was really "theoretically perfect," or, as Maine seems to suggest, only appeared to be so, it failed in its purpose and was "neglected by statesmen and soldiers," and these were the people who were to count, and who made Europe their playground for war till 1919. Grotius failed, and the *Prince* and de Vattel triumphed. Of de Vattel's philosophy sufficient has already been said: we may here usefully point out the principles of Machiavelli, for together with de Vattel he is the political parent of modern state-craft. Widespread and enduring as these principles are, they can be stated in two lines: the removal of the Moral Law and the substitution of expediency for justice, in all state-craft, whether internal or external. The following excerpt is not unjust to Machiavelli. It shows him the patriot that he was, and states where lay his fundamental error, and how, none the less in his conception of good government, justice has no place and the law of nations no voice. Machiavelli's remorseless study of the facts of the inter-state scramble in Italy is more remarkable for what it leaves out than for what it puts in. The conception of natural law has vanished. The passion of nationality furnishes the one ideal. In the moving and pathetic eloquence of the last chapter he cries for a saviour, who shall do for distressed Italy what other saviours have done for their people:

If, as I said, in order to show the valour of Moses it was necessary for the people of Israel to be enslaved in Egypt; and, for the magnanimity of Cyrus to be seen, it was needful for the Persians to be oppressed by the Medes; and, to illustrate the excellence of Theseus, the Athenians had to be dispersed; so now, for the virtue of an Italian spirit to be seen, it was needful that Italy should be reduced to the state in which she now is, and to be more enslaved than were the Hebrews, more oppressed than the Persians, more scattered than the Athenians, without head,

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without order, beaten, dispirited, lacerated, hunted, and, in fact, enduring every kind of ruin.\*

Nothing can be nobler than Machiavelli's desire for a redeemer of his people. But of justice, whether in the internal government or in the external relations of a people, he took no thought. Everything is reason of state. The *Prince* of Machiavelli was not a theory of foreign politics, not a set of principles to guide one sovereign in dealing with another, but it was a theory of government for all rulers. "To gain the end in view, results are to be the only criteria of the methods employed, and even the teachings of the Moral Law must give way to secure the end in view."† The *Prince* himself ought to have all the virtues, but they must not be introduced into his policy nor affect the means by which his policy is to be carried out. Plainly such a political theory could not long be a privilege of princes. If it was a good law for one kind of government it was no less opportune, expedient, useful, good for the other kinds. If it is a bad law, the conception of all authority, nay, of all human intercourse, except among the so-called savage people, becomes corrupted. A non-moral ruler, if the theory is not a mere inverted Utopia, means a non-moral state. If a non-moral *Prince*, why not a non-moral Prime Minister? If a non-moral state, why not a non-moral House of Commons? And if this, why not a non-moral municipality and county council, and so, necessarily, non-moral officials, even non-moral electors in a democracy; how can an extension of the privilege be refused? *ex natura sua*, it must go to the boards of industrialists, to company directors and to trade unions. Where in this declension from *Prince* or Prime Minister to the manual worker is there a cleavage into which can be driven the wedge of Moral Law?

The full effect of the teaching of Machiavelli and of de Vattel, by which force was substituted for right, and which, by evicting Christian ethics from law, left the

\* Figgis, *The Political Aspects of St. Augustine's "City of God,"* p. 101.

† *Catholic Ency.*, Vol. IX, p. 502.

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people in the grip of non-moral governments and of like-minded law, revealed itself in the last war, and, it may be added, left us with a peace not of justice and reason but of expediency. "Expediency" should not be an ill-sounding word, but when we look in the *Oxford Dictionary* we are told that "in modern use it has a bad sense, viz., the consideration of what is merely politic (especially with regard to self-interest) to the neglect of what is just and right." And so it has come about that even the treaty in which the war ended is no longer a source of inspiration and strength to those in whose hands chance has put the task of reconstructing Europe. Expediency cannot produce a treaty that is just and lasting—when the conditions which made it expedient have changed, the treaty is at once "out of date." The vices of the treaty reappear in its executors.

It would seem, then, that it is left to the League of Nations to repair by its prudence and its patience what the Peace Conference mishandled; yet it is difficult to foresee how states which individually are by long traditions non-moral, and which for generations in their internal and external policy have followed expediency rather than justice, can change their character merely by sitting together as a League.

But on the other hand we must remember in hope that in all human movements there is a point at which the tide begins to ebb. The hope is that in politics this point is marked by the birth of the League of Nations, and that the Great War and the Treaty of Versailles were the high-water limit of the tide that has made a wreck of Christian Europe and stained the fields of civilization with the blood of millions.

Already it is an oft-reiterated axiom in the Press that though just wars may sometimes arise, still it remains true that the short cut of force is no sure road to the goal of peace. Later, perhaps, the Press will insist that the only road to peace is that of Justice and the Moral Law; and it will clamour to the League to quit the wicked foolishness of the non-moral state and to follow

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with single eye the path of justice and Christian morals.

Two questions now force themselves upon all Catholics who take interest in politics and who feel that in some degree they ought to help in any movement which may secure the future against unjust war and against barbarism in any war.

1. Ought Catholics to support the League of Nations ?

2. Where precisely can the *Jus Gentium*, the law of nations, be found ?

There are, indeed, two other questions which Catholics feel compelled to ask : (1) Should Catholics as an organized, world-wide body, endeavour to enter the League of Nations ; and (2) Should they, as such a body, make any attempt to secure in the League some official representative of the Holy See ?

The answers to these last two questions would travel far beyond the purpose of this article, which is merely to inquire what is the law which the League of Nations should take as its guide, and, if occasion offers, use and administer.

To the first two questions the following will be sufficient :

I.—Pius XI says : “ It is much to be desired that all States, putting aside mutual suspicion, should unite in one league, or rather a sort of family of nations, calculated both to maintain their own independence and safeguard the order of human society.”

“ These words,” writes Cardinal Bourne, “ should be sufficient to awaken or to maintain among Catholics a sympathetic and helpful attitude towards the League of Nations which, with all its limitations and imperfections, is after all the only organized effort which has so far been made to carry into effect the repeatedly expressed desires of the Sovereign Pontiff.”

II.—Where precisely can the *Jus Gentium* be found ?

1. The *Jus Gentium*, understood in its historic sense

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as originating in Roman Law, was later Christianized both in theory and in practice.

2. During the period in which it was being thus transformed, it passed into the Canon Law of the Church.

3. Later the Canon Law was divided into Canon Law and Moral Theology.

4. Each of these retains as a fundamental element the Law of Nature, an element which of its nature is universal and immutable.

5. The "human" element in Canon Law is adapted and accommodated by the Holy See to the special conditions of any country or government by means of arrangements known as Concordats.

6. To-day, then, the Christian *Jus Gentium* is to be found in the Codex, rightly used, in the Concordats, and in Moral Theology, specially in the great classical texts on Justice.

7. The Catholic cannot take his guidance from Grotius or de Vattel: he must go behind these and beyond the age of Machiavelli, to the times when the laws of European states were Christian, in order to find teaching and phrases formulating that teaching which are free of all taint of unchristian influences.

8. If "circles of study" are to be formed, care must be taken to secure books which retain the Catholic tradition on law, government, and justice. No others recognize the Canon Law, which is the core of the whole business.

9. It is well to remember and often to repeat that the Catholic Church is not "pacifist." She recognizes that there have been just wars, and there may be such again. And, secondly, her immediate aim is not peace, but justice. Justice will secure peace and bring her home to the nations. Europe will be restored and prosperous, when "Mercy and truth have met, and justice and peace have kissed."

HUGH EDMUND FORD, ABBOT.



## LUTHERO-CATHOLICISM

IT might not seem strange that there should be, as there is, a Newman-movement in Germany. Newman, mishandled, could be made to seem subjectivist, and would thus find sympathetic readers among many thoughtfully religious persons in the land that inherits so much from Kant. And again, his piety might be attractive to many who had historical sense and some perception that religion was not a territorial affair, but to whom, none the less, the specially Latin flavour of so much of our devotional literature might be distasteful.

But what surely was unlooked-for, was a Lutheran movement akin to "Anglo-Catholicism."

Yet that is the strange phenomenon about which P. Pierre Charles, S.J., has written an important book.\*

I will first give what is little more than a résumé of this book, as the facts are of supreme value.

On October 31st, 1517, Luther placarded his theses at Wittemberg. On October 31st, 1817, the tercentenary of that event, Pastor Claus Harms published a pamphlet denouncing the Lutheran Church for wholesale apostasy into rationalism. He was derided as a reactionary of the blackest sort, and so were the few obscure conservatives who thought with him. On October 31st, 1922, at Berlin, but in the mediæval Nicolaikirche, of which, incidentally, Spener, the famous pietist, was provost, the German High Church party held its fourth general congress, and celebrated a curious "Mass," of which the ritual was closely yet with quaint aberrations modelled on the Roman one, in which Latin, German, and Germanized Latin (*Kredo*, *Konfiteor*) were mingled, whose celebrant with his deacon and sub-deacon wore albs—hoping for chasubles later on—and moved among a blaze of candles.

\* *La Robe sans Couture*: Un essai de Luthéranisme catholique. La Haute Eglise allemande, 1918-1923. Bruxelles: A. Dewit.

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What had been happening ?

During the years that followed Claus Harms, sincere men had taken alarm at the sight of the abyss of sceptical criticism into which the Lutheran Church had fallen. The alarm was redoubled when the appalling year 1918 let loose upon Germany every moral misery. In the October of that year, four pastors and two laymen met at Berlin and decided that the official church needed a total renovation. A bulletin called *Die Hochkirche* should be founded, to create a public opinion that the Church must be re-reformed on episcopal and sacramental lines, and must contain monastic orders analogous to the Roman ones, and a breviary also as like as possible to the Roman. This "High Church" gave itself by preference the name "Catholic," which in the ritual, for example, of the evangelical Prussian Church had been evicted in favour of "Christian" from the Nicene creed. It is true that Luther himself had initiated this change, and, just as in England, so in Germany, it had been remarked that the various Protestant sects agreed in nothing save that they were anti-Catholic.\* But the Hochkirche saw that "No Popery" was no adequate creed. The abolition of the Blessed Sacrament had, it realized, turned churches into preaching-houses, and slain the people's soul. Here and there the recitation of the Our Father itself had been forbidden in order to emancipate the spirit from the "letter that kills." But it was the spirit that had been killed. . . . At the beginning of the war the cry of popular agony had demanded that the churches be opened. Opened a few of them were. But what was one to do when one entered them ? Who would linger in a theatre when no actor was on the stage ? The churches were shut again.

\* Rather as in England all sorts of symbols were devised to prove that the one thing that was absolutely no more wanted was the Mass, so in the various reformed German groups the most childish performances showed that the opposite to Catholic faith and practice was intended. The Palatinate Calvinists made octagonal tables for the Supper, since Catholic altars were quadrangular: to the question: Do you repent your sins? the laity had to answer, not by a verbal reply, which might have recalled Rome, but by scraping their right foot on the floor.

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Moreover, what little life was left in German official Christianity, official rationalism had done its best to slay. The Emperor was absolute head of the Church, and the Universities prevented anything but rationalism of one sort or another being heard. But the Universities, whose professors were singularly involved in the collapse of the *ancien régime*, are not nearly so much listened to now that the churches of Germany have recaptured their autonomy and appoint their own pastors. France and Germany alike learnt—better perhaps than England did—the lesson of Reality, and flamed into indignation against the “words, words, words” of the theorists. The Church, someone said, is truly the Church of the Word: we have allowed her to become the Church of the Phrase—the formula.

The desire, then, to alter all this issued in that strange Mass in the Nicolaikirche, celebrated by men who kept crying out that the episcopate was dead and must be restored, implying thereby that they were themselves no priests. However, a beginning of ritual was established; a curious breviary was, in fact, compiled; Latin was sighed for; a timid cult of Mary raised its voice; even Communion in both kinds was proclaimed to be no article *stantis et cadentis ecclesiae*, and it was agreed that many reasons made the administration of the chalice perhaps undesirable. A theory of the sacrifice of Mass was excogitated, just unlike Rome's enough to save its framers' faces; the religious life was hesitatingly (and in fact rather absurdly) reinaugurated, and the Exercises of St. Ignatius were praised. Even the practice of confession was recommended—in fact, it was settled that it must at all costs be reintroduced, long before any theory of what it involved was offered. Almost above all, it was made clear that somehow the Lutheran Church must be rebishoped.

Naturally all this exasperated not only German liberals, but that ultimate fund of Protestantism that continued to exist even in the liberals. “The Hochkirche was financed.” Financed from Rome? Financed from—well,

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England anyhow? Pusey House, perhaps . . . But no, organic continuity had this time to be made out between the Hochkirche and Luther, and unity with all other Christian groups that may be called ecclesiastical at least in some sense. But what sense? Here the confusion begins. At one moment the organ of the High Church decides that all the baptized constitute the Church. Hence, how wicked is Rome, who, by no means co-extensive with the multitude of the baptized, arrogates to herself the title Universal. Another theory. The Universal Church alone, and *qua* Universal, possesses total Truth. Therefore, any one of her parts possesses only partial truth. Till the Roman Church gives up her notion that she possesses all truth, we cannot negotiate with her. Still, even the partial Church ought at least to possess a Creed. Shall we say, then, that the Church is that mass of the baptized who recite the Three Creeds? Or admit the first seven councils? For they express the belief of *all* Christians. (But they most certainly did not, if you equate Christians with Baptized. Never have the baptized been unanimous.) Anyway, aver the German High-Churchman, we don't mean to go to Rome. We must show that we already possess all that a Christian Churchman can need.\* "If we differ from what surrounds us, it is as the leaven differs from the bread. We must leaven that which Lutheranism has become. . . ." The new and the old are well shown forth as continuous by the fact that the Mass of which I spoke above was, for all its triple ministry and its ritual, celebrated at 8 p.m., and the Latin only occurred in the libretto handed round, while six of Luther's hymns were sung during it.

But say what else one will—what about the episcopate? Well—we ought to possess it. But we have it no more.

\* Observe how Protestant this still, then, is. The needs of the individual are given as criterion of truth. How often, here too, have we heard that. "Why go to Rome? The English Church can give you all you want." The German High Church is just as Protestant as Anglo-Catholicism is, loudly as each may deny the sufficiency of what has so far passed as Protestant orthodoxy.

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How obtain "consecration"? Some suggested an appeal to those ghosts, the Old Catholics. Or go to Scandinavia. We need more, anyway, than a simple nomination. The enthronement ought to have some solemnity about it, if the Consecrand is to be felt to be a true bishop. A theory is hatched, the better for that it is in direct descent from Luther's practice as well as theory. . . . *Successio presbyteralis* is ample. Priests can consecrate bishops. Luther consecrated several. Thus almost, if I remember right, Mr. N. P. Williams. *Even if* the episcopal line had been broken in England, God *would have* supplemented the lack of ordainers by some spiritual charism, and at all costs Anglican orders and consecrations shall have been valid. So at any moment, by this theory, the Lutheran High Church can give itself all the bishops it wants. But frankly, since whenever it would be awkward to follow Luther literally, the High Church allows that he must be modified neither more nor less than the extremest German modernist. admits exactly the same thing—for all alike pique themselves on being Luther's sons—it is almost waste of time to re-examine Luther's genuine doctrine, which P. Charles very loyally does, to see that neither of the two extremes has in reality any continuity with Luther at all. They have, in fact, recognized that Luther's Lutheranism will not do any more, and on this side and on that have deserted him.

In a superb chapter, P. Charles answers the question: What does *To Be a Catholic* imply? You see that here he is far more than a controversialist, even, than an accurate historian. But the upshot is, what even without this chapter one might well have known, that the Lutheran High Church, just like Anglo-Catholics, has simply no idea of what the *Church* is. Both these movements, to the Catholic eye, reveal themselves as variations of Protestantism. Even when—rare event—you find one of their adherents who has his mind clear about any one doctrine or practice, you also find that with regard to the massive underlying doctrine of the Church, he is quite

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at sea. This has been our unvarying experience. In every instruction, it has been one's duty to detach the neophyte from his acceptance of this doctrine, and again that doctrine, *because he approves of it*, and to force him back to the root of all doctrine, Christ teaching in the Church. Personally, I cannot see more in the German High Church movement than the desperate recognition that traditional and even liberalized Lutheranism are religions that simply will not suffice for the soul; and the wistful gaze, magnetically drawn, towards what does indeed content the soul because it is what Christ, in His knowledge and sympathy, revealed and instituted for that soul; and finally, the most obstinate decision that one sacrifice shall not be made, namely, a simple personal submission to Christ's doctrine as taught, and because taught, by Christ's Vicar.

Can any—not prophecy, but surmise be made about the future of this movement? Scarcely. It is foolish to argue from data as to numbers and means. The Hochkirche review raised, in 1922, its issue from 1,500 to 2,000; there have been four general congresses; the Breviary has begun to appear. But the appalling conditions of life in Germany, not to dwell on the special difficulties of printing and of locomotion, make the whole future obscure. We need scarcely dwell on the fact that, in Germany, the attempt to prove that the High Church doctrines, like that of the Real Presence, are not alien to Luther's own doctrines, is quite out of touch with ordinary German preoccupations and even professorial teaching, the ordinary man simply not bothering about the Eucharist at all, and the professors still doubting whether Christ so much as instituted any such thing. The parallel with England is not exact, but close enough. Who on the whole cares whether Anglo-Catholic practices or teaching be continuous even with those of the reformers? The ordinary man does not bother; and the professor probably replies, Well, if continuous they are, so much the worse for them. For whether or no the reformers meant to break with Rome, their reconstruc-



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tion of Christianity is quite as different from the modern critical reconstructions as Rome's perversions can possibly be. All the same, remarks P. Charles with that clarity of vision that one expects from one of the ancient culture, "intellectual Germany does not possess England's marvellous and dangerous power of settling down into logical contradictions and nesting there." But so far the devout and exhortative *Hochkirchler* have shown no signs whatever of being able to defend their doctrines as such, but only to argue that they are at once Lutheran, Catholic and non-Roman. Time might be spent in asking how on earth any one formula and interpretation of faith is to make itself accepted in the national church now that, since the revolution, there is no authority that can impose a creed at all. The moment the new collectivity of groups that forms the Lutheran Church in Germany, tries to become truly "credal," it must needs fall into powder, just as the Anglican Church would were it to try to impose on all its members one creed with one meaning. Neither of these two confessions really knows what it means, and indeed it cannot—there is no real "it" to *have* a mind. But suppose the Hochkirche were to split off and make one new sect, it would have to examine the bases of its doctrines and thereby reveal that there are none. It is certain that the Hochkirche cannot—or at least should not; one hesitates to say "cannot," for what cannot our compatriots achieve in this line?—should not then remain organically linked with a church which cannot stop a pastor—Heydorn, at Hamburg—quite simply suppressing baptism in the name of the liberty of thought; but then, in whose name is it to declare that baptism is necessary and means so-and-so? It possesses no central authority; and such congresses as it can convene have not any either—their members already disagree; and in short it looks to us as if within the Hochkirche itself there might well be a split, and of two parties one would be logical and go all the way to Rome, and the other, semi-logical, and make a new sect, the least and latest of the hundreds

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that use the great name Catholic. Or again, the whole thing may fade out, not only because it is pious but doesn't think, but also, because there is fear of its trying to be popular and giving people what they want because they want it, instead of keeping austere to the teaching or at least the search for Truth. It may not go all the way to, shall we say, Hamburg and the official church, where "Christ is the only person who has nothing to say, since He does not vote in its assemblies, and where no one is concerned about what He thought, nor indeed as to whether He lived" ; but if a priori it is settled that in no circumstances shall it go to Rome, it is reduced to making its own compromises out of such material as appeals to it, again, just like Anglo-Catholicism.

At the risk of seeming impertinence, I must repeat that in this movement there are many disconcerting similarities with the "Anglo-Catholic" one. The first is, the predetermined will not to go to Rome. Telegrams to the Pope notwithstanding, I cannot see so far among Anglo-Catholics a real understanding of what the Holy See in essence is. Completely as the Established Church in the person of Anglo-Catholics is fain to commit suicide, still more completely do such persons constantly invite the Roman See to do so. Even were the Catholic conception of divinely instituted universal jurisdiction, proper to the Roman Pontiff, to be false, it is at least a spiritual one, whereas the polite offer, one gathers, of the Apostles to St. Peter, that he should be their chairman with primacy of honour, an offer which extremer Anglo-Catholics are most willing to repeat, is a worldly one, and in no way more respectable in itself than the supremacy which other controversialists are never tired of saying that Rome created for herself. To my mind, nothing can better illustrate how completely Anglo-Catholics misconceive the situation, than this idea that a primacy of honour is some sort of alternative to divinely instituted universal jurisdiction. It is no less different a thing in essence than the position assigned by Arians to the Word is different from Catholic theology concerning

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Him. If Rome will abdicate her essential claim, they are willing to offer as compensation something which one would say they expect Rome to find "only a little different," "much the same thing in practice." Again and again Anglo-Catholics have said to me: "I *cannot see* why you should object so much to the position we are willing to assign to the Pope. What, that he does now, could he not do then?" Vulgar misapprehension of the whole point at issue.

But this implies what to me seems far more anxious—in all this commotion, there seems to be less and less honest thinking. By far more real hard work, in the active sphere, used to be done by Lord Halifax; and more thinking by Bishop Gore. But both these protagonists of yore have been treated for some time as back numbers. Is there a lay protagonist now of the calibre of Lord Halifax? I doubt it. Certainly he started with advantages. Any door at which he might be likely to knock, would open to him. But the Bishop of Zanzibar, even if you include Mr. N. P. Williams, are weak substitutes for a real scholar like Bishop Gore, just as Pusey House is for Pusey himself, despite the presence in it of the veteran Darwell Stone. From this, no one can possibly derive any satisfaction. All the more to be welcomed is the extraordinary revival of "Newmanism" in Germany. Frankly, the whole flow of the Newman-influence seemed to us to have got diverted when, not long ago, French writers began to carve its channels. That was very disheartening. Before ever I was able to know the background, so to call it, of the French Newman-movement, but was reading what Abbé Brémond used to write about him, I caught myself, first, saying what was to me significant though not to be used as argument—"That is exactly what M. Brémond *would* say about Newman." That took the whole thing dangerously out of the realm of history into that of personalities. And next—"That is what a Frenchman might well feel about Newman—but how un-English, and therefore how unlike Newman." (What a relief, then, when the

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Jew-Huguenot legend of Newman's paternal and maternal ancestry began to get rough-handled; for had it had value, one might have been tempted to think that Newman was not so very English, after all, at the back of his mind.) Finally, ulterior preoccupations proper to the chief French Newman-protagonists began to declare themselves, namely, the wish to make a series—Augustine, Pascal, Newman—with a whole theory of knowledge that joined on to what might be called *sub-modernismus* in writers entitled, on many grounds, to our high respect. One began to fear that so thick a mist, if not so dense a cloud, would soon settle down over the Oratorian's name, that Catholics might become suspect for so much as mentioning him, and one heard hateful rumours of powerful persons anxious to get the *Grammar* and the *Essay* condemned at Rome.

Apparently it is the Germans who are to lift the whole topic out into the open again, and scientifically to link Newman with his true English past, and to show what he was reacting against, instead of fashioning links between him and thinkers who were responsible for nothing in his work. From this point of view, may I say how valuable seems to me the article on Newman by Father F. Bacchus, of the Birmingham Oratory, that appeared in the DUBLIN of July, 1922. It was Whately against whom Newman was reacting, and not Pascal whom he was rejoicing. Whately and "Christian Rationalists" *had* to think, and say, that Newman was plunging into scepticism: and they confused the intellectualism against which Newman wrote with the intellect. This was to mistake him altogether, yet not so cruel was it as those who professed to use him as guide and forthwith made him out very nearly the same thing.

In Germany, then, a triple service is being rendered to Newman. First, a very careful translation is being made of his works and correspondence (without which the works are quite likely to be judged from the standpoint of the *modern* reader, whatever it be); then, certain legends are being slain—whether that of Newman's

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fear-religion, or that of his love-religion in the sense that the instinct of the "heart" is to replace the reason of the mind; and finally a very close philosophical study of Newman's special system with its terminology is being carried out, with reference to the illative sense, probability, and all the old topics of the relation of metaphysics to faith, and the manner of our knowing God, and ourselves. The names of Dr. M. Laros, of Maria Knoepfel, whose translations are so highly praised, of Father Karrer, S.J., of Father Erich Przywara, S.J., perhaps beyond all others a most faithful client of the great Cardinal, stand surety for the honesty and value of the movement. I have been lent a number of reprints of articles by the last-named in the *Stimmen der Zeit*; and I seem to see a direct study of Newman growing up, not of Newman for the sake of something else to be buttressed or attacked. May this detached attitude endure for a long time yet; else Newman will too soon be being searched for anti-Kant arguments. "It is in intimate connection with our conflict between Kantianism and Scholasticism that your great cardinal has come to gain influence with German thought," writes a German scholar to a friend: "for Kantianism on the one side cannot go with Catholic dogma; Scholasticism on the other has not developed theories about concrete reasoning. Therefore Newman's 'realize' and 'illative sense' appear as the solution." In speaking thus, this writer makes clear the line of his destined argument—that the Illative Sense is not proper to some mysterious non-intellectual faculty, still less mere emotion; Newman maintained a necessary connection between the thing-in-itself and the phenomena, whereas Kant did so only between the latter and the mind's categories. (Newman, however, preferred to think of the thing as influencing the mind rather than of the mind as copying the thing. This is only to contemplate the process of knowledge, it is suggested, from the opposite end from that taken by the scholastics; but the process is radically the same.) Newman did that most Catholic thing—he harmonized

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extremes: Kant, like perhaps Pascal, pushed them forward in opposite directions; hence Newman's reaction against the rationalists was far more fruitful than ever Kant's against a Leibnitz or a Wolff could have become. Along with Newman, Father Przywara seems to be studying the work of Gratry. "It will be a happy coincidence if Newman's method of concrete reasoning and Gratry's metaphysical system should arise together as guides for our perplexed times."

It remains that Father Przywara is no mere "simplificator"; he sees in Newman a most rich mind as well as a most clear one: Newman does not move merely by one direct line of development, but exists actively in "a texture of lines." God the incomprehensible is reflected in that complicated yet orderly interior life.

Finally, in all this the spiritual and even devotional value of Newman to the modern German soul is ever being emphasized. "It is a religion of reverence and distance after which men are longing . . . This double sense both of Reality and of sobriety and reverence as incomparably living in Newman seems to me the genuine reason for his increasing influence in Germany." "The whole of my interior development is bound up with Newman. His austere love of truth penetrating to the inmost of our souls. . . . As often as I turn to his books it comes as a revelation and I feel my heart broadening and my courage growing every time." "It is as if God's awful Majesty were shining in one's heart . . . (someone said) there is no one who followed out the consequences of God's existence as Newman did."

Unless I am wrong, this last writer has been sent to the Japanese mission. May his noble enterprise, carried on in so noble a spirit, be safe in other hands, if that be so. For here indeed is ground for high hope. Here is the *labor improbus* of scholarship: the new concern for studying an English author in an English mental atmosphere; a constructive as well as a directly apologetic ideal, and deep fellow-feeling with Newman the priest and "worshipper." This glowing austerity is



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what we pray the movement we spoke of earlier may acquire. In the congress of 1922 held by Anglo-Catholics, there seemed to us to be signs of this seriousness and humility: afterwards, these ceased to be apparent. Things have reverted to the cult of *réclame*, and little books half of whose sentences could be corrected by a question asked from any parish priest. We have to be on the look-out for a similar shoddy disposition in ourselves. May we be inculpable. But the immediate duty seems to be—if we cannot ourselves achieve that perfect understanding of Newman that he deserves—to assist with all our sympathy and in every practical way our German fellow-Catholics who, with such courage along with such competence, are doing a work we should have finished long ago. I can, for lack of time, but allude to the remarkable work of Theodor Haecker, once a devout follower of the Danish Kirkegaard, and, having become a Catholic, *via* the *Grammar of Assent*, writes with a neophyte's ardour, but with an almost fierce "realism."

C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J.

## KING HENRY VI AS A MUSICIAN

ALTHOUGH the life of King Henry VI has been written by his chaplain and private secretary, John Blackman (who became a Carthusian monk after the death of the King), yet there is one aspect of his career that has been more or less overlooked, namely, his love of music and his fame as a composer, as well as a munificent patron of the Divine Art. The recently published volume by Cardinal Gasquet, *The Religious Life of King Henry VI*, gives a delightful sketch of the personal qualities of this monarch, who was more fitted for the cloister than the throne, and whose sanctity of life made him one of the glories of the kingdom. But, of course, the avowed object of the learned Cardinal was to show the widespread belief in the sanctity of the murdered King, and to narrate from first-hand sources the miracles vouchsafed by God at the intercession of Henry VI, whose cultus was widespread in England up to the very eve of the so-called Reformation, and whose process of canonization was drawn up in 1507.

Historians of English music have failed to emphasize the credit due to Henry VI as a munificent patron of music and musicians between the years 1440 and 1460. None of them allude to the undoubted fact that Henry VI created the office of Master of the Song in the Chapel Royal, in favour of John Plummer, on September 29th, 1444. More than two years previously, on April 12th, 1441, Plummer had been given a grant of £10 for his zeal in training the boys of the King's Chapel, but the King determined to have the musical services on a sure foundation, and gave John Plummer the office of Master, the privy seal being dated November 4th, 1444 (*Cal. Pat. Rolls*, 1441-1446, p. 311). In this grant, a sum of forty marks is set aside for the maintenance of the eight singing boys, and it was confirmed by the King on February 24th, 1445, his new post being duly sanctioned, during

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good behaviour, in consideration of "his daily labours in the teaching, rule and governance of the eight boys."

At the nuptials of Queen Margaret of Anjou on February 25th, 1445, at Tichfield Abbey, and at the royal coronation, on May 30th following, the Chapel Royal singers, under John Plummer, contributed the choral celebration. Exactly a year later, on May 30th, 1446, King Henry made a new grant to Plummer of forty marks.

But, previous to this, in 1443, King Henry founded Eton College, in which, by the Statutes, provision was made to clerks skilled in church music (of whom one only, the organist, may be married), and sixteen poor choristers under 12 years of age to sing in the church and to serve Mass daily. The scholars were also required to have a knowledge of plain chant, and, before leaving school each afternoon, they were to sing an Antiphon of the Blessed Virgin, and in the evening to sing an Antiphon before the image of the Blessed Virgin. A knowledge of music was also required on the part of the ten Fellows, but, as Blackman states, the King, in choosing the Fellows, said: "We would rather tolerate those who were weak in music than in their knowledge of the scriptures."

Another royal foundation, King's College, Cambridge, in 1443, provided for sixteen choristers and a Master of the Choristers. As Cardinal Gasquet writes: "No fewer than nine of the Bulls obtained for King's College bear dates from 1445 to 1448."

Although the grant of forty marks to John Plummer for the maintenance of the eight singing boys of the Chapel Royal was rendered invalid by the Act of Resumption of 1449, King Henry VI issued a warrant, dated under privy seal, at Westminster, May 10th, 1451, for its revival as follows:

Henry, by the grace of God, King of England and of France, and Lord of Ireland. To the most reverent Father in God, John, Cardinal Archbishop of York, Primate of England, our Chancellor, greeting. We lately understood by a supplication presented unto us in the behalf of our well-beloved servant John Plummer, one of the Clerks of our Chapel within our Household and the Children

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of the same, how that when they had their finding in our Great Wardrobe, they lay there by five or six weeks for to sue for their clothing and other necessities, and oftentimes they might not be sped, *and so Our Lady Mass and Divine Service in our said Chapel was not done nor might not by them as it should have been. And, also, their going to our said wardrobe letted them greatly of their learning.*

Whereupon, we, by the advice of our Council, seeing the said inconvenience, commanded the said John to ordain for the finding of eight children of our said Chapel, for the which charge and good service that the said John had done unto us and should do, granted unto him 40 marks by our letters patent, yearly to be paid of the alnage and subsidy of our town of Bristol, as in our said letters patent it is contained, the which 40 marks is resumed into our hands by the authority of Our Parliament late holden at Leicester.

And so the said John hath founden the said children since the feast of St. Michael, the year of our reign XXVIII unto this time at his own proper goods unto his great charge and hurt without our special grace be shewed unto him at this time.

Wherefore, we tenderly considering the premisis have of our especial grace granted unto the said John as well for the service that he hath done unto us by long time past and shall do in time to come in *keeping of Our Lady Mass in our Household, as in finding, governing and teaching of the said eight children for our said Chapel 40 marks to have and take yearly from the feast of Easter last past during the time that the said John shall have the keeping of the said children or of any other in the stead of them* of the issues, profits, revenues, and commodities coming of our manors of Solihull and Sheldon, with their appurtenances in the county of Warwick.

Given under our privy seal at Westminster the X day of May, the year of Our Reign XXIX.

(Warrants (Chancery), Series I, File 764, No. 9426 (29 Henry VI) A.D. 1451).

Yet another evidence of the musical proclivities of Henry VI is in his confirmation of the Guild of *Salve Regina* in the Church of St. Magnus, London, on May 26th, 1448, by which the Guild was formally incorporated on condition that the Antiphon *Salve Regina* should be sung at Vespers daily, with five wax lights burning before the

## King Henry VI as a Musician

image of Our Lady, "in honour of St. Mary and St. Thomas the Martyr."

Further, the King gave William Langton, Marshal of the King's Minstrels, a grant for life of 33s. 4d. yearly "in consideration of long service and age," on October 18th, 1448; and he gave a grant for life of ten marks yearly to John Turges, harper to the Queen, on May 17th, 1449, after the decease of William Langton, King's Minstrel. He also enlarged the privileges of the King's Minstrels, and empowered them to inquire into any unlicensed minstrels collecting money "throughout the realm, except the county of Chester," and to punish them, "for depriving the King's minstrels and others skilled in the art and using no other labours or misteries of the profits wherefrom they should live," dated June 17th, 1449. (*Cal. Pat. Rolls*, p. 262.)

From the Patent Rolls it appears that on July 12th, 1440, King Henry VI granted a commission to John Croucher, Dean of the Chapel Royal, "to take throughout England such and so many boys as he or his deputies shall see to be fit and able to serve God and the King in the said royal chapel." Another commission, dated March 10th, 1456, was granted to Walter Halyday, Robert Marshall, William Wykes, and John Cliff, appointing them "to take boys elegant in their appearance and instructed in the art of minstrelsy, and to put them in the King's service at the King's wages, to supply the place of certain of the King's minstrels deceased."

In September, 1455, John Plummer was given the Mastership of the boys of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and was also appointed Verger of the Chapter. He is still commemorated every Obiit Sunday at St. George's, Windsor, as follows: "At the head of those whom also we hold in grateful remembrance, are the names of John Plummer, Verger of the Chapter, and Agatha his wife." From Canon Dalton I learn that Plummer was a generous benefactor to Windsor Chapel, and he bequeathed valuable lands and tenements to the College at his death, in 1482. His successor as Master of the Song of the Chapel

## King Henry VI as a Musician

Royal was the famous Henry Abyngdon, whose appointment was dated September 29th, 1455, and confirmed on March 16th, 1456. In the grant of forty marks annually, Abyngdon was bound to superintend the instruction and governance of the ten boys of the Chapel of the Household. It only concerns us to add that Abyngdon received the first degree as Mus. Bac. of Cambridge, on February 22nd, 1463, and was honoured at his death by two Latin epitaphs by Blessed Thomas More.

But, apart from his patronage of music, and his love of the Divine Art, Henry VI was a composer of considerable merit. In his three compositions in the famous Old Hall MS., as Dr. Ernest Walker writes, "we find a genuine striving for beauty." At one time there was a difference of opinion among experts as to whether the "Roy Henry" of this MS. was Henry V or Henry VI, but it is now absolutely certain that the royal composer was Henry VI.

The Old Hall MS. (so called as belonging to St. Edmund's College, Old Hall, Ware) formerly was in possession of John Stafford Smith, the musical antiquary, and was presented to St. Edmund's in 1896. Mr. Barclay Squire was the first who drew attention to its extraordinary importance for English music of the Mid-Fifteenth Century. In the *Sammelbände der Internationalen Musikgesellschaft*, for April-June, 1901, he published a detailed account of its contents, with a thematic list, but cautiously added that the MS. was apparently written by "a rather unskilled copyist of the latter part of the 15th century." However, I should date the MS. as not later than 1460, and I have been more fortunate than Mr. Barclay Squire in identifying most of the composers whose works figure in the volume, especially John Cooke, Queldryk, Gervays, Chirbury, Forest, Aleyne, and Damet.

Quite an interesting three-part motet by Thomas Damet (who was a priest of the diocese of London in 1460, according to the *Calendar of Papal Letters*) has the following verses in eulogy of Henry VI:



# King Henry VI as a Musician

Verbo verbum concepisti  
Regem regum peperisti  
Virgo viro nescia.  
Tutrix pia tui gregis  
Memor sis Henrici regis  
Pro quo pete filium.  
Ut exutus carne gravi  
Vite scriptus sit suavi  
Post presens exilium.  
Regis nostrique regina  
Ora natum ut ruina  
Relaxetur debita.  
Et require fac renatos  
A reatu expurgatos  
Pietate solita.

Henry's own compositions include a three-part setting of the *Gloria*, *Sanctus*, and *Benedictus*. Although sound, straightforward note-against-note counterpoint, there is an undefined charm about the *Osanna*, and a glimmering of Sixteenth Century methods in the *Quoniam* of the *Gloria*.

The Medius voice part of Damet's motet has another eulogistic allusion to Henry VI:

Et Anglorum gentem serva  
Pace firma sine guerra  
Tuis sanctis precibus.  
Miles fortis custos plebis  
Sis Henrici nostri regis  
Praesens ad consilium.  
Contra hostes apprehende  
Arma scutum archum tende  
Sibi fer auxilium.

In conclusion, the claim of Henry VI to be regarded as a musician and composer is conclusive, while the Patent Rolls and other official sources teem with evidences of his patronage of music. Above all, his interest in the musical services of the Chapel Royal and of St. George's, Windsor, extorted praise from distinguished foreign visitors. Even during the short period of King Henry's restoration he gave preferment to many of the singers of the Chapel

## King Henry VI as a Musician

Royal, and on February 14th, 1471, confirmed the grant of forty marks yearly to Henry Abyngdon, Master of the Boys of the Chapel, "so long as he shall have the said provision, instruction and governance." (*Cal. Pat. Rolls*, 49 Hen. VI, p. 243). In this same year, too, the Duke of Milan sent his Chapel Master, Rayner, and his councillor, Aloysius, to go to London in quest of good singers and musicians (*Cal. S.P.*, Milan, p. 161).

Henry's last public document was signed on March 28th, 1471, and he was murdered in the Tower less than two months later, on May 22nd.

W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

## BENEDICTINES BACK IN ENGLAND IN 1792

**I**T was October 17th, 1792. A stormy gale was raging in the English Channel and tossing to and fro on the waves a vessel which had put out from Dieppe on October 16th, twenty-six hours before. Captain Burton, of *The Prince of Wales*, usually timed her run from Dieppe to Brighton at ten hours, whereas on this day it was more than doubtful whether she would reach Brighton at all. Any port in a storm, and the tempest-tossed vessel cast anchor in Shoreham Bay, six miles from the port she had chartered for.

On board the packet-boat were a community of Benedictine nuns driven from the shelter of their monastery by the French Revolution. The first signs of trouble had come to the peaceful Priory at Montargis, a town in Orleanais, the diocese of Sens, in the last days of 1789, when a municipal officer arrived to take an inventory of the goods of the monastery. In the three eventful years which followed, community life had been threatened in its very fundamentals. In 1790 the National Assembly released the religious from their vows and held them free to marry; in 1791, declared their property forfeit, and sent commissioners who deposed the Prioress. Finally, in 1792, the first week of September, a writ was served to evacuate the monastery by the 15th. A temporary refuge was offered by the English Benedictine nuns at Brussels owing to Lady Jerningham, but so short had been the final notice to leave that it was found impossible to procure passports for all in time. Accordingly plans were changed, they were to cross to England and sail again from London.

In the three past years they had held together as a community round their canonically elected Prioress, Gabrielle de Levis Mirepoix, although they had come down to destitution—exactly fourpence remained in the purse. Facing towards a country still strongly bound down under

## Benedictines Back in

penal laws: they were the first community of religious who ventured to land in it since the Reformation. And although the historic significance of that landing at Shoreham was not at the moment apparent, from that day the children of St. Benedict had once more taken possession of this land.

The last thing in the world the belated travellers expected was a royal welcome. One of the nuns, Catherine Dillon, daughter of Henry, 11th Viscount Dillon, was sister of Lady Jerminham, one of the many fashionable people staying at Brighton for the season. She had interested her friends, especially Mrs. Fitzherbert, morganatic wife of the Prince of Wales, in the French nuns. Captain Burton had told people that he hoped to bring the nuns over on his return journey. Great was the surprise of the refugees to find a line of carriages sent to receive them, and a crowd collected to see the unusual spectacle of a community of Benedictines come to this country where, for over 200 years, the religious state had been outlawed. The carriages took the road to Brighton, where arrangements had been made at an hotel. The day following the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, with Mrs. Fitzherbert called to see them. He welcomed them to his kingdom and asked in what part of the country they meant to settle. Mère de Mirepoix explained that they were merely passing through on their way to Flanders. The Prince strongly advised her to remain in England: "*Restez dans mes états . . .* ; the Low Countries are even now threatened with an invasion of the French. A journey there might involve you in the same difficulties and dangers you have just escaped. At least remain in London until you see the turn affairs take." The debonair Prince spoke as Regent of the kingdom; the Prioress accepted his invitation. His doctor, sent to see that all his orders at the hotel were carried out, corroborated his advice. All roads led to London, and the next day they were on their way to the capital, the four pennies still safe in the pocket of Mère Basile, the procurator: they may be seen under a glass case to-day.

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Two houses, Nos. 1 and 2, Duke Street, were rented, but at an exorbitant figure, while the inmates were in want of the bare necessities of life. Oftentimes baskets of provisions were handed in at the door without the names of the donors being given or asked : caution was still very necessary for Catholics. A week after arrival the religious habit was put on once more and the Office psalmodied ; Père Fontaine, the Montargis chaplain and General of the Jesuits, took up his ministry. He had preceded the community to England, as the Revolutionists had put a price on his head. Lord Onslow, a Protestant, offered one of his beautiful residences outside the city to the nuns, but such an outcry was raised by his neighbours when this came to their ears that he had to reluctantly withhold it : London was not to be a lasting city.

An old steward of the Swinburne family suggested to Mère Félicité, Anne Swinburne of Capheaton, that his master's brother, Mr. Tasburg, had a place vacant in Norfolk, nine miles from Brandon ; the family were then living abroad. Bodney Hall was accordingly lent for the annual rent of three peppercorns and preparations began for moving northwards. The last evening in Duke Street a friend called in to say good-bye ; the March winds were howling and he asked Mère de Mirepoix what warm wraps the sisters had for the cold stage coach drive on the morrow. "None," she said, "but we are used to hardship." He took his leave, and an hour or two after there came a shop porter with a bale of riding cloaks. "*Ab! des redingotes!*" exclaimed the French nuns. Thus was the word *redingote*, according to an etymological dictionary, introduced into the English language.

Bodney was six miles N.W. of Oxburgh, the family seat of the Bedingfields, and Anne Swinburne happened to be sister-in-law of Edward Bedingfield. Sir Richard Bedingfield, fourth baronet, has an entry in his "Memorandum Book" : "the French nuns from ye convent of Montargie came to Bodney." (*Catholic Records*, Vol. VI.) When the inhabitants of Thetford, a neighbouring town, heard that nuns were coming to live at "The Hall," they sent

## Benedictines Back in

up a protest to the Government against "this notorious breach of the laws of England." Influential friends came to hear of this and made a counter-move, with the result that the Secretary of State wrote to the magistrate of Norwich asking him to befriend the newcomers.

The funds were still almost at vanishing point: what their own industry and the gifts of friends brought, were small revenue for a community over forty in number; a school had been successfully worked at Montargis and steps were now taken to open one at Bodney. An advertisement appeared in *The Laity's Directory* for 1794 and the following year: indeed, pupils had been offered them even before they left Duke Street. This school filled a real need; with the exception of the Bar Convent, York, and Hammersmith, where Mary Ward's nuns had taught throughout the Reformation, there was no other convent school for English Catholic girls.

The community had been retained in this country by the Prince Regent, they were now maintained by the British Parliament: in 1794 they received for the first time the allowance given by the liberal-minded generosity of the Government to each member for life; this annuity was regularly paid to all the French *émigrés* and priests.

The *Obituaries* of the Catholic Record Society, Vol. XII, give the names of those who passed away during the first years in England. Mère Francois-Xavier, Catherine Dillon, died on May 23rd, 1797, aged 45 years, of which twenty-five had been spent in religion. Her niece, Charlotte Jerningham, married some two years previously to Sir Richard Bedingfield, fifth baronet, was living at Oxburgh and refers in a letter to her mournful visit to her late aunt's grave.

*June, 1797.*—I was this morning at Bodney (the Convent) for the first time since my Poor Aunt's Death, after my visit I sent my carriage on under pretence of walking some part of the way, but in reality to look for her grave in the neighbouring Church Yard. Do you remember the Church? It stands in a ruinous state on a hill not far from the convent . . . A few scattered trees shade the base of the mount, and one solitary cottage, the



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sole remaining of the village, stands on the top. I directed my steps to the north side of the Church where the earth newly sodded up immediately showed me the place where the cold remains of this revered Relation lie. Four nuns have died since their arrival at Bodney, they are buried in a Row, a piece of wood over each with the Initials of their name and O.S.B., R.I.P. . . . I could have stood for hours musing over these simple memorials of those who were born to Riches and Grandeur, but who preferred the life of meek Retirement, and now sleep in peace under the green sod surrounded by lowly peasants. "How the rank grass waves o'er the chearless ground."

I feel more strange here than the Old transplanted Pollard that was brought with such difficulty before the windows at Oxburg.—(*Catholic Records*, Vol. VI.)

An interesting list comes to hand of the various religious orders which followed the Benedictines of Montargis into England, seeing the welcome they had received. This document, of which the ink is so faint as to be scarcely legible, is signed Jean Baptiste Fontaine, S.J. But among the refugees who sought sanctuary none has a more varied or touching history than the Princess Louise de Bourbon-Condé, first cousin of Louis XVI. Sent to school at Beaumont-les-Tours until she was twelve, when she was presented at the French court, Princess Louise Adelaide was affianced to the Comte d'Artois, but the engagement was broken off for political reasons and she was free to enter the Trappists. At the Revolution she had to fly from France and was eventually professed at the Benedictines of the Perpetual Adoration, Warsaw, in 1803. A Bourbon was no longer safe there in 1805, Napoleon's troops were invading Poland, her nephew and idol, the Duc d'Enghien, had already been treacherously taken and shot by his orders, and the Princess of Condé was sent to England with her inseparable companion, Mère Rose. Her father and brother, the Duc de Bourbon, met her at Gravesend, also William Pitt; Lord Moira was there on behalf of King George; that very day Napoleon entered Warsaw. Like many other religious, whose convents were destroyed and communities dispersed by the Revolution, the Princess, Mère Joseph de Miséricorde,

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and her companion were received at Bodney. Some of these stayed permanently, Mère Joseph for nine years until the restoration of the French monarchy. Although she was a parlour boarder she followed all the exercises of the community as if she were one of them.

Passion Week, 1806, brought a heavy and unexpected blow: the death of Mère Gabrielle de Levis Mirepoix. She had been Prioress for twenty-two years and was the seventh to hold that office since the foundation of the community in 1630 from Montmartre. She was the fifth daughter of the Marquise de Mirepoix; originally the family were called de Levis, but in recognition of their services in fighting against the Albigensis they had received the lands of Mirepoix. Never was Superior more truly or more lovingly mourned, her memory is green to-day although a hundred years and more have passed over her grave. When France's King bent cowed and helpless before the onslaught of the Revolution, she stood firm like a lion at bay. France has never yet failed in her women, and if the nation could have been spared the horrors of the Reign of Terror, it would have been by a nun faithful to her country and to her trust.

The following appeared in *The Catholic Spectator*, Vol. III, for 1825; there is a copy of the "Discours" in the British Museum also (F.R. 1475):

"Speech of Madame Levy de Mirepoix, Abbess of the Benedictine community of Montargis, when she was twenty-seven years of age: addressed to the Municipal Officers of the Commune, who broke the Enclosure of her Monastery, to announce to her the Decree of the Constituent Assembly, which suppressed all Convents:

Gentlemen,—The astonishment which seizes us, in beholding you in this place, is only equalled by the grief which overwhelms us. What, then, is it you, Gentlemen, our friends, our kinsmen, our brothers, who have become against us the tools of that monstrous authority, which for two years weighs on our unfortunate country! Have your eyes, then, grown familiar with the frightful picture of public calamities, engendered by the revolution? All France is in mourning—the blood of Frenchmen flows in the

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capital—it dyes the whole extent of our provinces. Your most virtuous citizens have taken to flight—our houses are burnt—our possessions ravaged—our persons menaced—the priest and the noble, after all their sacrifices, are insulted and degraded—the King, in return for his, is loaded with ignominy, a captive in his palace. The scene ends not there—wretches, hired by still greater criminals, continue to wave on all sides the brand and torch of fury; and this noble kingdom, which was yesterday so flourishing, is now become a political spectre, whose appearance is every moment more terrific. Our tyrants—our tyrants alone triumph—they alone, happy in the public misfortunes, prolong their enjoyment, whilst they prepare fetters for their country.

Do you not know, do you not feel, Gentlemen, the truth of what I now assert? and have you not a thousand times repeated it to yourselves: What then prevents France despoiled, from shaking off the iron yoke under which she has bent? Those faithless representatives hold their power of you; and that power, become more tyrannical in their hands, you would, instead of limiting it, instead of destroying it, caress it servilely, by executing against your fellow-citizens and sisters violent and barbarous decrees, which are as much repugnant to your feelings as they are reprobated by humanity. Alas! was it not enough, that throughout all France the heritage of the Lord was desolated—His ministers dispersed—His sanctuaries profaned? Must our peaceful retreat too be disturbed, and our holy altars violated? May we not learn of you, Gentlemen, for what offence committed against the state, the state should thus persecute us; and by what crime we have drawn upon ourselves the hand of the most frightful despotism?

You come to tell us, that freed henceforth from all our engagements, we may without scruple return to the world. And what gods then govern the earth at this moment? What mortal has the power of annulling the contract which we have made with the God who rules in heaven?

You inform us, on the part of your new masters, that soon we shall have to take an oath in your hands, that we have never drawn any property out of our families. But surely, Gentlemen, what your ancestors have left you, is your patrimony, and what is legally lodged in your house is your property. And why should not the property which has been brought into this Community be left in its possession, and at its absolute disposal? For my part, I have brought into this house the sum of 12,000 francs. By what right could your legislation pretend to deprive

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me of this in my life-time, or to seize it after my death? Since most certainly it is neither they nor the nation that I will constitute my heirs, but these my sisters in religion, under the law and guarantee of the state. Hitherto robbers have been content with plundering the unfortunate traveller; they did not understand the refinement of cruelty, of making him swear that the spoliation was complete, and that nothing had escaped their brutal avarice. What, then, is it after having placed us, as it were, between your impious decrees and the too well grounded fears of perishing by hunger, that these usurpers would make us swear that we have not withdrawn from their inquisition the smallest little portion, either of that dowry which our parents left us, or of the salaries which we have acquired by our industry! Barbarians! But could they take that oath themselves? Could they take it, at least, without perjury?

Let them swear, then, that their hands are clean from the patrimony of the poor, and from the spoils of the desolated shrines! Let them swear that, after having decreed the sale of those noble spoils, they were not themselves the first purchasers! And what more sacrilegious mockery than the proposition of an oath made to the Nuns by those very same men, who invite them scandalously to violate the oath which they have made to the Lord of being faithful to Him!

You will then tell those that sent you that our feeble arm may bend undoubtedly under the chains of oppression, but that our consciences, stronger than death, will obey but God alone. Relate to them what you see; present to those iron hearts the distressing picture of all my weeping daughters, of thirty Spouses of Jesus Christ, dying with grief around a mother, more wretched and more overpowered than they. Say also, if you will, say to those haughty tyrants, that in the midst of a nation of cowards, there is still one woman who fears not, one woman, who calls herself free under the oppression of despotism, and who, if summoned to that bar, where so many of their mercenary agents preside, will cry out in their faces: Glut yourselves, cruel men, with all the evils which you have inflicted; drink up our tears, ferocious men, drink up our blood; and, satisfied with that atonement, may propitious heaven extinguish in your hearts the rage for shedding more. Let the disorder of my ideas, Gentlemen, be attributed only to the disorder of the operations of which you are the ministers; and the profound truth which characterizes my reply, to that deep and ardent consciousness of the evils which I share, in common with these virgins dedicated to Christ;

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in fine, to the tyranny of those who oppress my Religion, dethrone my King, and devour my unfortunate country.

A month after the death of this Prioress, Elizabeth de Mirepoix, Bishop Milner arrived at Bodney for the election of her successor; Louise-Victoire de Mirepoix, Mère Agnes, seventh daughter of the Marquise de Mirepoix, was elected to take her place.

The first profession in England of a religious with solemn vows since the Reformation had taken place at Bodney Hall, Mary Norris, the first English subject was followed by others, and the increase in numbers necessitated a larger establishment. The new Prioress went on several journeys to inspect places, but the low price she could offer prevented a purchase. Heath Hall, near Wakefield, stood on an entailed estate; in 1811, this was rented from the owner, Mrs. Smith, and the sojourners moved there from Norfolk. The house was built in the style of an old family mansion, straight front, flanked by turrets, flat roofed, mullioned windows, a conservatory and pleasure grounds. Rising at a short distance were the heather-covered Yorkshire Wolds sloping down to a fine canal: in summer the singing of the bargemen sounded through the open windows. In this connection an anecdote is related in the Annals. Three times one night Mère Basile was aroused from sleep; twice she dozed again, even as she said the *De Profundis*, but at the third alarm she sat up and listened. Sure enough, a sound was coming from the lock, a cry of one in distress, "O God, save my soul!" Together with Sister Catherine, a lay-sister, she called up William, the man-of-all-work; taking ropes he ran to the water and found an old canal boat sinking, its owner clinging to the mast and nearly submerged. A boat was requisitioned and the old man rescued. Immense was his gratitude; he asked to receive instruction in the faith and eventually he and his wife and his six children were received into the Church.

With this same procurator the Prioress went to Paris to endeavour to obtain restitution of the Montargis property. Louis XVIII could not give her much hope as

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it had been nationalized. She was six months there when Napoleon suddenly appeared on the scene, the King had to go, then followed the famous "Hundred Days," and she was obliged to return to England empty-handed in 1815.

Among the MSS. forthcoming for this period is one written by Mère Rose, companion of the Princess de Condé. It is a short sketch of the life and death of Père Firmin, Carmelite of Amiens, who was martyred on the guillotine in 1794. Mère Rose was a native of Amiens and a nun of the Abbey of St. Paul there, and writes of herself as a penitent of the martyred priest—his Cause is now being introduced at Rome.

On the Restoration of the Monarchy in 1814, Louis XVIII had taken back with him to Paris the Prince de Condé, and the Temple buildings he had handed over to the Princess Louise for a foundation of Benedictines of Perpetual Adoration. Of this she became first Prioress and utilized the experience she had gained in convents of seven different orders. She opened a school to which she always welcomed girls from England, and used to say that "the conduct of the English in regard to the French emigrants would merit for them a return to the bosom of the Church."

It was found that Heath Hall, however beautiful, could never be made into a monastery on Benedictine lines. St. Benedict's Rule postulates for its full and proper observance a suitable monastic building; the older monastic founders—Columban, Gall—attached much importance to this. Building ground could not be leased at "Old Hall," as it was sometimes called, on account of the entail. The funds, somewhat improved, allowed of the purchase of a place, Orrell Mount, near Wigan, Lancs. It had a well built residence, gardens and land attached. In 1821 possession was entered into, but seven years later, when estimates for building were drawn up, they showed that the expense and difficulty of laying extensive foundations in a mining locality would be very considerable. Places were then inspected in and around Bath, but none were



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suitable, and in 1830 the Prioress, Agnes de Mirepoix, died, leaving it to her successor to establish the community in a permanent home.

It had become patent that a monastic building would have to be raised up from the very foundations and building ground on a permanent lease acquired. Accordingly Orrell Mount was sold and a property at Princethorpe, Warwickshire, bought with the purchase money. Dr. Walsh, Vicar Apostolic of the Midland district, laid the foundation stone of the new monastery on the Feast of the Visitation, 1832.

Here every morning in the Priory of Our Lady of Angels after the conventual Mass is sung the *Domine salvum fac Regem* for the Royal Family, a custom which dates back to the memorable Eighteenth of October, 1792.

### PÈRE FONTAINE'S LIST.

1. Les Benedictines de Montargis qui sont débarquées a Bright-holmstone en Essex au mois d'Octobre 1792.
2. Les Benedictines de Bruxelles en 1793.
3. Les Dominicaines de Bruxelles. A Winchester.
4. Les Augustines de Louvain.
5. Les Carmelites d'Anvers.
6. Les Carmelites de Lierres.
7. Les Benedictines de Gand. A Preston.
8. Les Augustines de Bruges.
9. La tiers Ordre, ou Conceptionistes. A Winchester.
10. Les Benedictines du Dunquerque.
11. Les pauvres filles de Ste. Claire de Dunquerque.
12. Les Benedictines de Paris.
13. Les Benedictines d'Ypres, qui sont passées en Irlande leur Patrie.
15. Les Sepulchrines de Liège.
16. Les pauvres filles de Ste. Claire de Gravelines.
17. Les pauvres filles de Ste. Claire de Rouen.

Signé

Ce 4. 7bre 1796, JEAN BAPTISTE FONTAINE,

Prêtre Jesuit Francois,

Directeur du susdit Monastère des Religieuses Francoises Benedictines de Montargis.

SISTER MARY ROSALIE, O.S.B.

## THE WORKS OF ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS

THE authorities of the Order of Discalced Carmelites have decided to prepare a new critical edition of the works of their incomparable first father in honour of the second centenary of his canonization, December 27th, 1926. This is good news indeed. The Order is the first to recognize that the existing critical edition\* is not without defects, and cannot be regarded as final. I regret to say that the much needed aid of its able editor is no longer forthcoming, for he died at Toledo on January 4th, 1922, at the early age of forty-three. As his edition appeared in 1912-1914, it is little short of marvellous to reflect that these substantial labours were in sight of completion when their author was little over thirty years of age. R.I.P. His valiant efforts will have done much to lighten the labours of those who are about to take up and perfect his work.

It had been my intention before the good news from Spain came through, to attempt an elaborate examination and exposition of the *Edición crítica*. This had not hitherto been done in England. The year 1914, in which the edition was completed, sounded a long truce to all scholarly occupations, and those who in the war worked with the brain rather than with the hand, have been even longer in returning to former avocations and interests. So much time having passed it would now, in contemplation of the new edition, be somewhat beside the mark to attempt a critical examination of the old. The year 1926 is not far off, and a minute and exhaustive survey of the works were better deferred till it can be based on the more perfect material which we are likely to find in the centenary edition. I will confine myself now to general considerations, and to a few remarks on defects in the old which might be avoided in the new.

\* *Obras del Místico Doctor San Juan de la Cruz. Edición Crítica . . . del Padre Gerardo de San Juan de la Cruz. Toledo, 1912-14, 3 vols.*

## St. John of the Cross

The Gerardian edition consists of three bulky quarto volumes comprising between them some 2,100 pages. The reader, knowing that the complete works of St. John are not of very considerable proportions, will naturally expect to find at least one-third of this voluminous space devoted to critical apparatus and introductions. He will be mistaken. The actual works of St. John embrace 1,375 pages—even these include the two versions of the *Spiritual Cantic* and the “*Living Flame*” in which there is much repetition of the same matter. The remaining 725 pages are made up of preliminaries and introductions, 195 pages, a *Life of St. John*, 154 pages, and works of doubtful attribution and ponderous commentaries on the Saint’s teaching, 376 pages. This last section should wholly disappear from any future edition. We want the Saint’s known recognized work and his editor’s apparatus—nothing else. The present edition is burdened with the *Coloquios entre el Esposo Cristo y su esposa el alma*, though Fray Gerardo admits that it is only “very probably, but not certainly,” his (III, p. 216). I venture to think that even an Englishman with only a bookish knowledge of Spanish, provided that he have but a proper appreciation of the exalted spirit of St. John, can conclude with perfect safety that the Saint never had any hand in a work which, in its flight, never reaches danger point. Then follows the didactic *Tratado del conocimiento oscuro de Dios*, which Fray Gerardo would fain have us accept as an authentic work, though he honestly puts a query on the title-page after the Saint’s name as author, and in his conclusion ventures no further than saying that the authenticity of the treatise is only “probable.” But no. There exists not the shadow of probability that the work is by St. John of the Cross. The Englishman is in even better case to judge here than in the other instance, for he has no need to consider the style, which Fray Gerardo admits (II, p. 273) is very different from St. John’s. The treatise contains the expression and propounds the doctrine of *acquired contemplation* (*contemplación adquirida*). St. John never once uses this expres-

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sion: it was never heard of till the first decade of the Seventeenth Century, and he died in 1591. The Discalced Carmelites have made themselves the ardent champions of the doctrine of *acquired* contemplation, and if it could but be proved that St. John used once only the expression *contemplación adquirida* it would at once prove that he also held the doctrine. But if he did not use the name, say they, at least he taught *the thing*. This is denied by writers of eminence and great competency in mystical matters. And surely it is somewhat singular that if the *thing* existed, shall I say, from the days when Enoch walked with God and was not, it should not have found a *name* till the early Seventeenth Century. Nature soon wearies of periphrasis, and names quickly form unbidden for her use. But those are greatly to blame who consciously seized upon a word having a supernatural import alone, and with the aid of an adjective signifying natural effort only, sought to twist it to natural uses as well. A difference heaven-high distinguishes the two contemplations: the one is supernatural and directly infused by Almighty God, the other is natural and the handiwork of man. I see that I have lapsed into undesirable controversy. This of itself will show the deplorable effects of a work of the kind when included in an edition of the inspiring works of St. John of the Cross.

Following the *Conocimiento oscuro*, we have the *Tratado de la transformación de la alma en Dios*, by Madre Cecilia del Nacimiento (1570-1646), here published for the first time. The treatise is written in the form of a commentary on some verses of her own, verses which recall faintly and from afar the immortal *Noche Oscura*.<sup>\*</sup> Fray Gerardo speaks of her as a subtle philosopher, a profound theologian, a practised mystic, and a talented woman of letters (III, p. 345). That may well be, but when he tells us that this and another treatise of hers are published in

<sup>\*</sup> These verses—*Aquella niebla oscura*—were actually published as by St. John in the Burgos (1904) edition of his poems. There seems no limit to the accommodating good nature with which all manner of heavy-footed verse and prose is attributed to one of the greatest—perhaps the greatest—writers of Spanish prose and verse.

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the hope of supplementing the large missing portion of the "Dark Night of the Soul," we feel that it is impossible to do justice to Madre Cecilia with the thought in our minds that so very much is expected of her.

Next in order among the supplementary matter come the three well-known discourses of Fray Diego de Jesús on the doctrine of the Saint, and a treatise by Fray José de Jesús-Maria, now published for the first time, on St. John's gifts as a spiritual director. The latter is charged to the brim with the high explosive of controversial matter. The author claims that St. John's works show him to be a past master in the science of Acquired Contemplation, and he goes so far as to say that it is this human and natural contemplation which is the foundation of the Carmelite Order. All these supplementary treatises and commentaries serve their purpose of usefulness, but should never again be seen in the same volumes with St. John of the Cross himself. To take him literally is all the comment that he needs.

The *Edición Crítica* is prefaced by a Life of St. John. It is the same which Fray Andrés de Jesús wrote for the famous Seville edition of the *Obras* (1703). No full biography should hamper the new critical edition: a mere skeleton life of two pages, with dates of the Saint's transfers and movements, would be amply sufficient for the purpose of refreshing the reader's memory. Existing lives of St. John are out of date and not very satisfactory. The best is by an Englishman—David Lewis, the famous translator—and that is not good.\* Would that the Saint, like St. Teresa, had been put under obedience to describe his mystical experiences: it would have meant the most wonderful of all works of spirituality. But failing that, it is absolutely safe to take his works as autobiographical: there is nothing that he recommends which he did not do, no terrifying mystical state which he describes that he did not himself experience: his works are the mirror and revelation of his life. We look for a new and possible Life

\* It is published in the second edition of his translation of St. John's works (London, 1889-91).

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of him for the centenary of 1926, but published separately as a pendant to the new critical edition of his works.

The works of St. John of the Cross may be regarded as seven in number :

- |   |                    |
|---|--------------------|
| 1. The Ascent of Mount Carmel.  | } Really one work. |
| 2. The Dark Night of the Soul.  |                    |
| 3. The Spiritual Canticle.  |                    |
| 4. The Living Flame of Love.  |                    |
| 5. The <i>Avisos</i> or Spiritual Maxims, with which may be included the <i>Cautelas</i> (Precautions). |                    |
| 6. The Letters.   |                    |
| 7. The Poems.   |                    |

In the first edition of the Works (Alcala, 1618) only numbers 1, 2, and 4 appeared. No. 3, the Spiritual Canticle, first version, was added in the Madrid, 1630, edition. St. John was roughly used by his brethren when alive, nor was he spared indignities at their hands after death. The great importance of Fray Gerardo's critical edition is to show, with perfect candour, the serious mutilations, unfortunate additions and reprehensible changes to which the text of the works was subjected by the original editor. Fray Gerardo (*Preliminares*, liii) enumerates the offences as follows: (1) suppressing many paragraphs, some of them lengthy; (2) mutilating not a few sentences; (3) introducing alien matter into the original text; (4) changing the meaning in many places; (5) changing the order of various divisions of sentences; (6) changing certain words and substituting for them other more ordinary words. Elsewhere he states that the editors amended St. John's style (*Prelim.*, lxxvii), and speaking of the "Dark Night" (II, p. xxii) he adds that the portions cut out are of "capital importance," seeing that they throw light on the character and talents of St. John and help us to understand his doctrine more clearly. This sounds, and is, a formidable indictment, but it need not cause too serious alarm, for, speaking generally, the Saint's drastic doctrine has survived the work of the manipulators and come out entire in existing editions.



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Two main reasons are given for the treatment to which St. John's works were thus subjected : there was a certain amount of false and dangerous mysticism abroad in Spain at the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, and the Order was anxious lest the *Alumbrados* (illuminati) should wrest portions of the works to a wrong sense and put them to a bad use. Further, the Order feared that the Inquisition of Spain might condemn them if the works were published as they left the Saint's hands. These are the reasons given by Fray Gerardo, but they are altogether too baldly stated. That the *Alumbrados* might have tried to make out that St. John was in accord with their teaching is possible. Some harm might have come of this, but infinitesimal compared with the great good that would come from publication. His works were just what was wanted—a magnificent antidote to the false mysticism current, and Fray Gerardo's reason does not carry conviction on the face of it. The point, however, is not of much interest now. But it is of the greatest interest and importance for us to be told what precisely it was in this body of clear and orthodox mystical theology that the Fathers considered could so alarm the Inquisition as to cause a condemnation of the whole works. Something, of course, we can already gather for ourselves, for the additions to, and omissions from, the text are all candidly and carefully indicated in the present edition. But on this point we shall hope to find clear and full elucidation in the *Preliminares* of the 1926 edition.

Was the Order justified in presenting the works of their greatest writer and saint to the Church and the world in this mutilated condition ? Fray Gerardo, who is not wanting in impartiality, seems on the whole to think so. He is only really severe when he condemns the "re-touching" to which the Saint's style was subjected. Making allowances for the circumstances prevailing in Spain and for the customs of the time, taking ourselves, that is, out of England in the Twentieth Century and placing ourselves in Spain in the early Seventeenth, I am disposed to think that there was some justification for

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certain of the *excisions* which were made, but none at all for any of the *additions*. These additions can only have been intended to have the effect of making it easier for the Saint's works to pass the Censor. Nothing can justify that. Take the following as an example. The doctrine and sentiment are unexceptionable ; there is nothing that the Saint could object to, but it is alarming to think that he wrote not a single word of it :

" But this deliberate forgetfulness and rejection of all knowledge and of forms, must never be extended to Christ and His Sacred Humanity. Sometimes, indeed, in the height of contemplation and pure intuition of the divinity, the soul does not remember the Sacred Humanity, because God raises the mind to this, as it were, confused and most supernatural knowledge ; but for all this, studiously to forget it is by no means right, for the contemplation of the Sacred Humanity and loving meditation upon it, will help us up to all good, and it is by it that we shall ascend most easily to the highest state of union. It is evident at once that, while all visible and bodily things ought to be forgotten, for they are a hindrance in our way, He, Who for our salvation became man, is not to be accounted among them, for He is the truth, the door and the way, and our guide unto all good."—"Ascent," Lewis, Book III, ch. i, §§ 12, 13, 14; E.C., I, 278.

Or take this other example of which not a word was written by the Saint :

" At other times and on other occasions this help must be had recourse to, namely, meditation on the Life and Passion of Christ, which is the best means of purification and of patience and of security on the road, and an admirable aid to the highest contemplation."—"Dark Night," Lewis, ch. x, § 8; E.C., II, p. 35.

Yet again in the "Ascent," Book I, ch. xxxii, § 7, there is the same insistence by the manipulators on the Sacred Humanity : "... At other times most especially applying ourselves to the life, passion, and death of Jesus Christ Our Lord, that our life and conduct may be an imitation of His."

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Am I right in being so sure that these passages were compiled and inserted wholly for the sake of propitiating the Censor? May it not be possible that the Order, at that time, nearly thirty years after the Saint's death, regarded it as a defect that there should be no references to the Incarnate God and His Sacred Passion in these two works, even though not called for by the nature of them? The editors of the 1926 edition will, perhaps, enlighten us here also. The whole of this paragraph 7 of Chapter xxxii of the second book of the "Ascent" is by an alien hand. Too long to quote here, I commend it to the particular attention of the studious reader. To me it seems to do an injustice to the Saint's doctrine. It is worth sifting, but its exposition is best left to expert theologians.

One more example of an addition, certainly the most singular of all of them: "I entreat the discerning reader," the unfortunate Saint is made to say, "to read what I write in a spirit of simplicity and charity; without this spirit, however perfect and profound the teaching may be, a man will not profit by it, neither will he value it as it deserves, and much more so in the present case because of my style which in many respects is very faulty."\* Not a word of this intimate personal effusion, of this humble self-accusation, is by the Saint. What is the object of the addition? It is certainly not inserted to combat the *Alumbrados*, nor can one exactly see how it would propitiate the Censor. What then? Can it be a form of snobbishness? We have already got away from the golden age of the Castilian tongue and pen, and must have reached a generation that thought itself superior. It is sad to think, but the above invention does seem very like an apology to the new school of letters for one of the most marvellous styles in any literature. Oh, the poor Saint! With what a smile of humble delight he would have welcomed this outrage. But it is worth remembering that, like the great artist he was, he has left

\*"Ascent," Bk. II, ch. xxxii, § 9. I have altered Lewis slightly to bring him more into conformity with the original. For instance, he has "my way of writing" where the original has the more forcible *estilo*, style.

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on record a spirited defence of style and treatment : " It was not the intention of the Apostle (Paul)," he writes, " neither is it mine, to find fault with a good style, correct diction and eloquence. These things are valuable to a preacher, as they are in all kinds of affairs : for as a noble expression elevates and restores what is low and mean, so, on the other hand, a poor style debases and ruins even that which is noble " ("Ascent," Lewis, Book III, ch. xlv, § 6).

The manner in which the Order, in a time of perplexity, under the stress of dour circumstances, treated the works of St. John, seems to have been a source of perpetual uneasiness and disquiet. This was only to be expected among a body of deeply religious men who found themselves heirs to a wrong which they saw no immediate way of righting. At length a new edition was projected between 1730 and 1740, but the project came to nothing (*Prelim.*, lxvii). But on October 6th, 1754, the *Definitorium* issued in due form a decree ordering that a complete and correct edition of the works of St. John of the Cross should be prepared and published. The moment was well chosen, for the Order at the time possessed a subject in every way fitted for the heavy task, Fray Andrés de la Encarnación,\* a Religious who by his wiry and tough intellect, his critical faculty, his unerring *flair*, his infinite capacity for taking pains, is worthy to stand beside the mighty Maurists and the giant Bollandists. Fray Andrés began by putting the large archives of the Discalced Carmelites at Madrid into perfect order ; under his direction the archives of each Spanish Carmel were re-organized ; he himself, or his commissioners, ransacked the whole of Spain for MSS. I doubt if even the Maurists or the Bollandists ever did quite such a thorough piece of work. They had many and very varied ventures on hand, he only this one, the absorbing enthusiasm of his life, and born of a deep veneration for the subject of all these strenuous labours.

By 1760 (?) the text of the works which he had prepared

\* Born 1716. Professed 1733. Died 1795, aged nearly 79, after 63 years of the Religious life.

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was ready to be submitted to the *Defnitorium*. It was examined by them and also deputed to be examined by expert Religious. And then went forth as fatal a fiat as any ever issued in connection with letters. As a result of the examination it was decided that it would be inopportune to publish the amended text, and an order was issued to suspend all work connected with the projected edition. Four reasons were alleged for this step: (1) it was feared that the Order would be accused of dishonesty for having published a mutilated version; (2) the doctrine of the works as published had been approved by the Holy Office when submitted at the time of the Saint's canonization, and it would not be opportune now to reveal the existence of fresh doctrine; (3) the original MSS. did not exist, hence the mutilations could not be positively proved; (4) the name of the original editor, Fray Diego de Jesús, would be dishonoured if he were proclaimed as the author of the mutilations.

Fray Andrés received the order that publication was to be abandoned with the heroic resignation of a great Religious. He replied with humble dignity, if with crushing logic, to these faint-hearted objections. But in vain. All immediate possibility of publication disappeared. Nevertheless he appears to have continued—evidently with the leave of his superiors—to work at the great subject of his life, and he was still at work upon it when he died, not without hope apparently that the much-needed edition would after all be published. And he was consoled by the sure conviction that his indefatigable labours had not been in vain. In this he was right. The text prepared by him and many of the data he had collected appear to be lost, but many most valuable papers and notes of his in connection with the edition survive in the Biblioteca Nacional at Madrid. They were of the greatest use to Fray Gerardo, and will stand the new editors in good stead. The failure to publish Fray Andrés' edition is something of a tragedy, and, as will be seen from the inconclusive reasons alleged, it is impossible not to deplore the action of the Order. The original

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sin of 1618 was coming home to roost, and they, unfortunately, deferred the day of confession. But the day has come now, and honourable amends have been made, first by a frank confession, secondly by Fray Gerardo's noble and thorough labours, and by the attempt which is now to be made to perfect these.\*

As regards the remaining works of St. John of the Cross, I have spoken at some length of the *Spiritual Canticle* in the DUBLIN REVIEW of October, 1923. Of the "Living Flame of Love" I do not here need to make mention. Nor do I propose to examine or reproduce any of the excisions made from his works lest I should get out of my depth. I will only briefly glance at some points in the minor works.

The sole original MS. of St. John at present forthcoming consists of twenty-five of the *Avisos* or *Spiritual Maxims*.† These Fray Gerardo sets forth as Nos. 1 to 25 of the well-known series of 365 maxims. This is confusing. They already have their numbers, scattered up and down in the collection between 26 and 361. It is an excellent idea to print the twenty-five separately so as to show what the MS. contains, but they should also appear under the numbers by which they have been known and quoted since 1703. To alter the numbers of chapters or paragraphs except for imperative reasons gives useless trouble and breeds confusion. I hope the new editors will go back to the old established numeration.

Fray Gerardo publishes twenty-five letters or fragments of letters of St. John. It is a slender number for one who must have directed many souls by letter. The cruel persecution to which the Saint was subjected by Fray Diego Evangelista, the Visitor General, seems to have caused many of his spiritual daughters, the nuns, to destroy his letters for fear they should fall into the Visitor General's hands. I do not doubt that MSS. of his may have also gone the same way for the same reason.

\* For the facts connected with Fray Andrés' edition, see *Preliminares*, pp. lxvii-lxxi and his biography in E.C., Vol. I, pp. 416-21.

† Published in facsimile in *Autógrafos del Místico Doctor San Juan de la Cruz*. Edited by Fray Gerardo de San Juan de la Cruz. Toledo, 1913.



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The powers of evil certainly made a deadly set against the Reform, raising up enemies in the household, and demoralizing even superiors. This is apparent even from the fate which overtook the works of St. John. But to return to the letters. There is a passage in Letter No. 2, to Madre Ana de San Alberto (E.C., III, pp. 80-81 and pp. 585-586), which has never been printed. Fray Gerardo says that it has been suppressed from "motives of charity," and again (p. 585) from "motives of consideration to persons outside the Order." The Order has already suffered sufficiently by excisions. The time has surely gone by for such a suppression. After a lapse of 337 years—the letter is dated June, 1586—the Saint's just reproach to I know not what body, or province, or town, could surely now be borne with equanimity by the existing descendants. Surely the 1926 edition is not to appear incomplete even of a single sentence, or *finis* will never be written to the works of St. John.

There remain only the poems now on which to say a hasty word. Fray Gerardo publishes twenty-five as certainly by St. John, and six as attributed to him on uncertain or no evidence. There is as a rule in St. John's work, and strikingly so in his poetry, some idea, some startling expression, that could only have sprung from him, and serves as an almost infallible canon of identification. It is by ideas, even more than by style, that he is recognizable. For instance, it cannot be positively proved that the "Plaint of the soul for that she cannot love God as she would" is by him: the MS. authority is very weak. But just listen to the first three of the twelve stanzas:

Si de mi baja suerte  
Las llamas del amor tan fuertes fuesen  
Que absorbiesen la muerte,  
Y tanto más creciesen  
Que las aguas del mar también ardiesen;

Y si de ahí pasasen  
Tanto que las tres máquinas hinchasen,

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Y así las abrasasen,  
Que en si las convirtiesen,  
Y todas ellas llamas de amor fuesen :

No pienso que podría  
Según la viva sed de amor que siento,  
Amar como querría  
Ni las llamas que cuento,  
Sadisfacer mi sed por un momento.

Who but he could have uttered this very storm and passion of a love for God, the flames of which devour death, set the sea ablaze, and invade, and fill, and consume, "las tres máquinas,"\* Heaven, Earth and Hell—the flames of Hell, as it were, devoured by the flames of love: yet all the flames of the Universe on fire not sufficient to satisfy for a moment the ardour of this love. Is it any wonder that Menendez y Pelayo should say that the poetry of St. John filled him with "religioso terror"? What need of MS. authority in the face of this soul aglow with love enkindled in the white heat of the supernal fires. Only Catherine Adorno, had she been a Castilian and written verse, only she might have been mistaken for John de Yepes, for these two, of all Saints, are co-supremes in mystic love!

I think all the other poems included by Fray Gerardo will stand this fiery test, except the very lengthy No. 21, "The Soul's desire to be with Christ." I fear all the six poems merely attributed to him must go. I wish it were possible to save No. 6, "*Entró el alma en olvido*." There is not a shred of external evidence in its favour (E.C., II, 202, n.) and lovely as the poem is, it is too short to enable

\* The *Dictionary* of the Spanish Academy does not give *world* as a meaning of *máquina*. Whether it had this signification in old Castilian I do not know. One thing is certain, that St. John uses the word in that sense, for in the "Living Flame" he writes, "las tres máquinas celeste, terrestre é infernal" (Lewis, Stanza IV, § 4). If a creation of his own he will certainly have adopted it from the hymn for Matins in Our Lady's Office :

Quem terra, pontus, sidera,  
Colunt, adorant, praedicant,  
*Trinam* regentem *machinam*,  
Clastrum Mariae bajulat.

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us to subject it to the test. It has been beautifully translated by the Nuns of Stanbrook\* in their contributions to Father Benedict Zimmermann's edition of the *Flame of Love, Letters, Poems, etc.* (1919, p. 309). The fact that the translation surpasses the original inclines me all the more to the belief that, fine as it is, it is not by St. John. I take leave to reproduce the translation here: the patient reader who shall have toiled thus far, fatigued with his dusty ramble in these devious paths, will gladly quench his thirst in a cooling draught of heaven-brew'd Spanish ale.

### I.

Rapt in oblivion, the soul  
Doth, in a single moment, learn  
More than the busy brain and sense,  
With all their toil, could ever earn.

### 2.

Mirrored within its God, it views  
To-day, to-morrow, and the past,  
And faith sees here, in time, the things  
That through eternity shall last.

MONTGOMERY CARMICHAEL.

\* I believe *the* Nuns of Stanbrook stand for *a* Nun where translations from the Spanish are concerned, but I do not know whether it is allowable to pierce the veil of her humble anonymity and give her name to the world.

Lovers of St. Teresa are indebted to her for excellent translations of some of the Works and all of the Letters.

## A RUSSIAN PRINCESS AT THE PAPAL COURT

**H**ENRY IV, Emperor of Germany, when marrying a Russian Princess of the Rhoric House, was only following in the steps of his father Henry III, who greatly desired to wed a "*Regis Russorum filiam*," but contemporary chroniclers tell us that the Imperial Embassy, sent to Russia, came back to Saxony "in sadness," because "The king's daughter would not even listen to their suite."\* Henry III, not discouraged by this failure, looked for another bride and soon found her; she was called Agnes and was the daughter of the Duke of Poitiers. Henry duly married her in 1043, and their joint coronation took place in Rome in 1046, the actual ceremony being performed by Pope Clement II. In 1050 the queen gave birth to a son who was called Henry after his father. The prince was baptized at Easter, 1051, by Herman, Archbishop of Cologne, his sponsor being a certain Hugh, Abbot of Clugny.†

Henry was declared heir to the Imperial crown before he reached the age of six, and in the same year, i.e., 1055, we find him betrothed to a Princess Bertha, daughter of Otto, an Italian Margrave. The next year the Emperor Henry III died at Botfeld, and the chroniclers note the not-unimportant fact that Pope Victor II was present at his deathbed.

Henry IV, therefore, ascended the throne when hardly six years of age. His education was left to the care of his mother's friends, and was anything but suitable for the future sovereign. He spent the early years of his boyhood under the baneful influence of his uncle, the Bishop of Augsburg. The boy was hardly ever taught anything except that his own will should be divine law unto his subjects. Henry's temperament, by nature tyrannical, became absolutely uncontrollable.

\* Lambert Schafnaburg's *Chronicle* (sub anno sal. 1043, p. 150).

† *Apologia Henrici Imp., Sax.*

## A Russian Princess

As soon as the Emperor reached "the age of discretion," which he determined himself "at his own discretion," he finally freed himself from that semblance of vigilant control which his elders had tried to assume over his actions.

Henry married Princess Bertha, to whom he had been betrothed since his childhood, but this match was considered to be a purely political affair, and its importance, as such, was only transitory. Henry was in no way attached to his bride, and soon began to show this by his cruel and harsh treatment of her. His loose handling of moral questions gradually provoked indignation amongst the German nobles. This discontent little by little shaped itself into an open rebellion, which quickly spread all over the country. Imperial castles and lands were besieged and some of them even taken by the insurgents. It was rumoured that Henry's life might be endangered, should he not change his riotous mode of life. The Emperor, though well informed of these proceedings, chose to lend a deaf ear to those of his friends who implored him "to reform himself." His riotousness nearly reached its climax, when Henry received a veiled menace of excommunication from Rome. The danger of ecclesiastical censure made him realize how extremely shaky his position was in an age when nearly everything depended on the Apostolic See. The Emperor restrained himself, but only for a time. It was just in the middle of these proceedings that he opened his first intercourse with Russia. At the beginning his relations with the Grand Duke (Veliky Kniaz) of Kiev bore no hint of any matrimonial project. Unhappy as Bertha naturally was with her husband, there is no evidence to show that either Henry or herself ever sought legal separation.

The primary reason of Henry's relations with the Slav country was as follows: Sigebert Gembl., tells us that in the year 1073 two "Russian kings," who were brothers, could not settle their feud between themselves, and hence one of them was compelled to come for help to Emperor Henry, promising him to submit unto him

## A Russian Princess at

"*Saxoniae Imperatori*," himself as well as his kingdom.\* But this enterprise, as Sigebert tersely puts it, was futile, "*. . . sed id frustra fuit*." Lambert of Schafnaburg, in a much detailed account, relates how in 1075 "*Ruzenorum rex, Demetrius nomine*," came into Saxony, "with invaluable riches and presents"—"*. . . inaestimabiles divitias in vasis aureis et argenteis et vestibis valde pretiosis*." The purport of this embassy was as mentioned above—"petiitque ut auxilio sibi foret contra fratrem suum, qui se per vim regno expulisset, et regna tyrannica immanitate occupasset." This was a most usual occurrence in the Russia of the Eleventh to the Twelfth Centuries, and its frequency is probably the reason why so few of Russian chroniclers make no mention of this particular quarrel. The case of Demetrius and his brother, Isaslav, though being but one of many, is, however, unlike others in that it was more or less "peaceful," whilst the disputes over the Kiev precedence usually ended in the murder of one of the "pretenders" and a wholesale slaughter of his adherents. Henry was in all probability totally unacquainted with the interior affairs of the Kiev kingdom. He, therefore, prudently abstained from giving any definite answer and promise of help to the wronged prince, but, at the same time, volunteered to send an embassy to Kiev, "*ad Regem Russorum*." Lambert tells us that Henry resolved to send Burchard, the Bishop of Trier, at the head of this mission. Probably, Henry's choice was influenced by the fact that the bishop's sister was married to the Grand Duke of Kiev. "*. . . Is legationem huic propterea opportunus videbatur, quod ille ad quem mitebatur, sororem eius in coniugio habebat*." We find, however, no mention of this fact in Russian chronicles. Bruno also mentions this embassy.† "*. . . misit (Imperator) eum (Episcopum) ad Regem Russiae*." His remark has a special value of its own, since we first meet here with the correct spelling of the word "Russia."

\* *Sigebertus Gemblanc., Pist., II, 602, 2.*

† *Hist. Belli Saxonici (Freher, Germ. rer. Scr., 1624).*



## The Papal Court

The "*Rex Ruzenorum*" gave a warm welcome to the Imperial embassy, but, like Henry, avoided committing himself "to any definite answer." Vulgarly speaking, Isaslav hushed the matter up, sending to Henry such presents "as were never seen in Germany unto that day"—"*auri et argenti et vestium preciosarum ut nulla retro memoria tantum regno Teutonico uno tempore illatum referatur*"—but the wrongs of the injured Demetrius were never righted.

It would not be a mistake to say that this fabulous generosity of the Russian made a very strong impression on Henry's mind, and this impression was far from being obliterated when sixteen years later Henry began wooing a Russian bride. Meantime the Emperor, temporarily diverted by these Russian troubles, again turned to his usual pursuits of "pleasure at all costs." Finally, his licentious behaviour, and moreover, his attitude of unlimited arrogance and unbending obstinacy, earned him the long-threatened excommunication. But it is altogether outside my scope to discuss the well-known Canossa affair.

In 1088 Queen Bertha died and Henry was released from "this odious matrimony." He did not mourn his wife a long time, for already in the same year he was betrothed again, this time to a princess about whose name Saxo the Annalist\* tells us that "she was called Eupraccia, *quae in nostra lingua vocabatur Adelbeida*." Saxo, like so many others, calls her "*filia Regis Rusciae*," or "*regis Russorum*," or again "*Regis Ruzenorum*," but Saxo's statement is the most valuable of all, since he alone mentions the correct name of the Princess "*Eupraccia*." In all other chronicles she is called "Braxeden."† "*Imperator Braxeden Ruthenorum Regis filiam sibi in matrimonium sociavit . . .*"), or Adelheida, or else "Praxedis." Once the princess is mentioned as "Agnes," a mistake easily explained by the fact that this was the name of her mother-in-law, widow

\* Eccardi, *Corp. Hist. med. aevi.*, T.L. Leipzig, 1723.

† For instance, *Chronica August.*, Freher, I, 356, 1.

## A Russian Princess at

of Henry III. In Russian her name would read "*Ievpraxia*."

Who was this princess and where did Henry meet her? A fair amount of evidence can be produced for the first question, but one is almost quite in the dark concerning the second. The numerous tales, recorded in the chronicles, are nearly all contradictory and moreover very obscure. Only one fact is absolutely clear, namely, that Henry IV never took his second bride from Russia, but met her in his own country. With regard to her identity, all chroniclers agree more or less: she seems to be the widow of a German potentate, whose personality is again quite obscure, and who has only left behind him a string of different names—he is alternately called "Udo," "Uto," "Otto," "Odi," and once even "Heinric." Nothing is known about him, and we also ignore the circumstances under which he came to marry Eupraccia and whether he wedded her in Saxony or went to fetch her in her remote motherland.

When we first come across Eupraccia, we meet her in Saxony, as a widow—" . . . *Igitur defuncti Udoni . . . senior successit ei filius eius Udo, . . . hic habuit uxorem Eupa Eupracciam . . . quam postea duxit Heinricus Imperator.*" And, further, under the year 1089 we find Saxo's reference to the fact that "*Heinricus Imperator Coloniae celebravit Udoni supradicti Marchinis de Stadhe viduam filiam Regis Ruzorum duxit uxorem . . .*"—The actual wedding of Henry IV, as is recorded, took place at Cologne in 1089. This event is mentioned in nearly all the chronicles of Saxony.\* "*Ordinatio Adelheidæ Reginae*" took place at Cologne, and was performed by "Hartuig." The official chronicle of the realm (*Chronica Regia* of the monks of St. Pantaleon) also makes a mention of this marriage, saying that the bride was the widow of "*Odonis Marchionis*" and a daughter of "*Regis Russorum.*" A similar statement is to be found in the chronicle of Saxo.† Also two interesting texts have come down to us in the Old German language.

\* *Apologia Henrici IV*, 407. † *Chronogr. Leipz., Acc. Histr.*, I, 270.

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One of them is the official version of the Royal Chronicle:\* “. . . do nam zo rechter e der Kesar des Kuninchges dochter van Rüssen de Marchgreuen *Uden* Vrowe hade gewesen,” and the other text gives us an interesting glimpse into Eupraxia’s inner life:† “. . . Thus took Emperor Henry another wife . . .” “*di was . . . en salich Vrowe.*” (a holy woman). Probably, Eupraxia had lived in Saxony a considerable time before she wedded Henry IV, and this enabled people to form a definite opinion of her devotion and piety.

Whose daughter was this “*Rex Russorum*,” so frequently referred to in the chronicles? An obscure text of Venetian origin and of a very much later date calls her “. . . *Braxeden, Iarislai Ruthenorum Regis filiam*,” yet, though the passage just quoted was undoubtedly meant by the writer to refer to the second wife of Henry IV of Germany, still it is quite evident that a mistake had been made in the tracing of her parentage. This mistake is easily explained when one remembers that forty years previous to Henry’s second marriage, a daughter of Iaroslav did marry a foreign prince (in fact all of his daughters did). In 1048 Princess Anne of Kiev was wedded to Henry I of France; in 1089 Princess Eupraxia, of the same “*regionem Russorum*,” married Henry IV of Saxony, and it is quite possible that an Italian writer of the Fifteenth Century may have identified the latter with the former. If we turn to the chronological table of the Rhoric House, we shall find that the first princess by name of Eupraxia, whose identity is recorded at all, is a granddaughter of the Great Iaroslav (Iaroslav the Moudry, or the Wise) and daughter of one of his sons, called Vsevolod (born 1039, died 1093). The fact that this prince did have a daughter called Eupraxia, is mentioned in some Russian chronicles, and in one of them we are met with an unusual statement “that Vsevolod’s daughter is gone over the sea—*trans mare.*” Lands over the border were invariably specified

\* *Versio vetus Germanica, Eccard., I, 967.*

† *Chronicon Luneburgicum, Eccard., I, 1349.*

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by the Russians as "*trans mare regiones*," independent of their geographical position. Further, in another text we find a vague reference to a "*zamorskaya*" (transmarine) wedding of a Princess Eupraxia. Here, though we meet with no direct indication of her parentage, yet the two dates sufficiently coincide with each other to enable us to conclude that it is one and the same princess referred to in both chronicles.

The wedding of Henry IV took place in 1089, and already in 1093 we hear of the bride's "unhappy married state." It seems obvious that he subjected his second wife to the same cruel maltreatment which was the real cause of Bertha's rather premature death. Henry IV, unruly and vicious as he was, soon became weary of a wife who, if we are to rely on contemporary statements, "was sweetness and holiness itself." Henry gradually found out that Eupraxia's temperament was totally unlike his own, and, very probably, difference of race began to tell, also. This was getting irksome for Henry. He sought to get rid of his Russian bride, and wished to raise a false charge against her, accusing her of adultery, but all the traps with which he tried to waylay her were frustrated. Eupraxia's behaviour was irreproachable, and to all appearances she rightly deserved the appellation of a "*salich Vrowe*" given her by German chroniclers, who, as a rule, were not lavish in flattery. The situation was rendered still worse by a rumour spread about her that she had married Henry in the hopes of "reforming him and of making him lead a truly Christian life." We do not know, for lack of evidence, how far this rumour may be justified, and if it were true, it would naturally but verify the statement of the princess's saintliness. However, whether true or false, this rumour in time reached the Emperor's ears, and resulted in a terrible outburst of his wrath upon the unhappy queen.

Chronicles speak of these proceedings with sadness; evidently, their sympathies were on the side of the wronged woman. It is from Marianus Scotus that we

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get the first information about the discordant relations which "sprang between Henry and Eupraxia." Scotus says that "Henry began to hate his wife"—"*Heinricus . . . reginam suam . . . odio coepit habere.*" This hatred shortly became so intense that a year later the same chronicler notes the fact that Henry imprisoned the queen in a dungeon, "*ideo incarcerationavit eam,*" and subjected her to most unimaginable injuries and insults. The Emperor even went so far as to force his own son, Conrad, to make love to his step-mother, Eupraxia. The Prince's indignant refusal led to a bitter quarrel between the father and the son, and finally the young man was obliged to seek shelter at the Pope's court.\* For some length of time Eupraxia endured her sufferings in patience and silence, yet soon even her forbearance came to an end, and she, "having suffered unheard of evils"—"*post plurima et inaudita malorum genera,*" escaped from prison—" *de custodia qua tenebatur, liberata.*" We are given no details as to the circumstances which surrounded Eupraxia's flight from her husband's country.

Probably the Emperor was relieved when he heard of her escape. Anyhow, we find no mention of any punishment meted out to the careless gaolers. Henry must have imagined that his wife would turn back into her own land, and there remain "forgotten and forgetting." But eventually things took a vastly different turn. Instead of flying to her native country, the unhappy queen escaped to Italy where she sought and obtained protection of Mathilda, wife of a North-Italian potentate. This lady enjoyed a reputation of very high worth among her contemporaries, who unanimously call her "*potentissima tunc temporis femina.*" She was, of course, personally known to the Pope (Urban II), and had many influential friends at the Papal court. Mathilda immediately arranged a meeting between her and the Pope. "*. . . Reginam . . . ad venerabilem virum perduxit Urbanum apostolicæ sedis antistitem.*"

\* *Marianus Scotus*, 461.

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The tale of Eupraxia's manifold and grievous miseries must have previously reached the Pope's ears; anyhow he was favourably disposed towards her. She gave him a mournful narrative of her mishaps, "*suam calamitatem lamentabiliter exposuit*," throwing herself at his feet, "*cuius provoluta pedibus*," and with many tears recounted him her manifold miseries, "*profusis lacrymis ac intimi singultibus omnem suae quae pertulerat calamitatis intimavit miseriam*."\* Urban responded most warmly to her appeal for help. Marianus Scotus tells how the Pope, "*agnitus reginae calamitate*," resolved to summon an assembly of Catholics which would pass judgment and, if need be, anathema upon Henry's iniquities, "*concione Catholicorum denuo Henricum regem excommunicavit, pro illicitis ac nefandis, omnibusque seculis inauditis rebus in legitima uxore sua perpetratis*."

This assembly of "*Catholicorum*," or Synod, was duly called at Piacenza. Its date is 1095,† "*primus erat mensis, cum nasceretur humor in herbis*." It is recorded that such a vast multitude desired to be present at the proceedings of the Synod, "*. . . ad quam Synodum multitudo tam innumerabilis confluit*," that it was found impossible to hold the meetings within any church in the city, "*. . . nequaquam in qualibet Ecclesia illius loci posset comprehendi*." Thus the Pope was compelled to have the Synod assembled in a field outside the city walls, "*Unde et Dominus Papa extra urbem in campo . . . illam celebrare compulsus est* . . . "‡

The resolutions passed by this Synod were many, "*Ore sacerdotum damnantur facta malorum*,"§ but the most important subject was Eupraxia's appeal for separation. Berthold of Constance informs us that the Bishops of the Church, as well as the attending laity, having listened to the tearfully outpoured grievances of Eupraxia's, "*Tantas tamque inauditas fornicationum spurcicias et a tantis passam fuisse conquesta est*, and having received the unquestionable evidence, justifying the

\* *Ibid.*

† Donizo's *Vita Mathildae*, Murat., V, 373.

‡ *Ibid.*

§ Murat., V, 373.



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truth of the queen's statements, came to the conclusion that "her arrogant flight" from her husband's country should be found excusable *even* in the eyes of her enemies, "... *etiam apud inimicos fugam suam facillime excusaret*," and, as to the Catholic hearts, they were filled with compassion towards her and consequently were quite reconciled to her rather sudden escape, "*omnesque Catholicos ad compassionem tantarum iniuriarum sibi conciliaret*." Of the Pope it must be said that he, personally, not only furthered a speedier separation of Eupraxia from Henry IV, but even freed the queen from the customary penance, "... *unde . . . et de poenitentia . . . illam clementer absolvit*." The decision of the Piacenza Synod, confirming the separation, was passed unanimously. "*In hoc Synodo Eupraxia iam dudum a Henrico separata super maritum suum Domino Apostolico et Sanctae Synodo conquesta est . . .*" The manifold and unheard of iniquities of Henry IV were brought to light and duly condemned, and Gregory's Bull of excommunication was confirmed.

Soon after the closing of the Synod, Eupraxia, having received the Apostolic blessing, returned to Russia by way of Bohemia, thus avoiding to pass through the dominions of her husband. Marianus Scotus makes a short note of the fact: "... *Regina autem reversa est in regionem suam*," but in Albert's *Chronicon* her country is indicated by name: "... *Regina vero reversa est Ruciam*." As soon as she reached her native land, Eupraxia, who in all probability was a real "*salich Vrowe*," entered or rather founded a convent, soon became its abbess and finished her days within its walls. We find a mention of these facts in two Western sources: Marianus Scotus and Albert's *Chronicon*. Probably the subsequent events of Eupraxia's sorrowful life became well known to German chroniclers, who sympathized with her entirely and spared no colours when speaking of Henry's unheard of "iniquities." Also Saxo tells us that "*regina* (when she was apparently already in Russia) *monasterio se mancipavit et facta est tantem abbatissa*," and Marianus

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Scotus, when mentioning the same fact, adds "*ut quidam dicunt*," probably having himself gleaned this knowledge in a casual way from some pilgrim or messenger.

If we were now to turn to the Russian chronicles, we would find that Eupraxia's name is mentioned in two or three of them, and a remark is affixed upon her " manifold sorrows and her God-pleasing saintliness and piety." The greatest chronicler of mediæval Russia, Nestor, who was the queen's contemporary and may have personally known her, gives a few dates about her later life in Russia, saying that she " became a nun in 1106," but it may be improbable that this date is true, since the queen, pious and devout as she was, would hardly have spent ten years in the world after her separation from Henry. But, on the other hand, one should not disregard the fact that even if she did return to Russia immediately after the Piacenza Synod, it may be quite probable that she did postpone her entering religion for a number of years, since the life led by the Russian women at that period was very like that of a cloister and allowed nearly as much scope for religious occupations.

The other date given by Nestor is that of her death which, as he states, took place in December, 1109. He also makes a mention of her burial: " Thus was she laid at the gate of the Petchersky Monastery (Kiev), at the Southern door, and a shrine was erected on the spot where they laid her body."\*

We have no further historical evidence with regard to the fate of this unhappy princess of the Rhoric House. We do not know whether she " when living within the cloistered walls of the Holy Mother Kiev," had any more need to recur for help and protection to the Sovereign Pontiff. If we wish to get a true glimpse into her spiritual life, we must turn to the records of the local Synod at Piacenza in 1095, and listen to her pitiful tale, and hear the Pope's words of encouragement and help, and wonder at " the compassion of the Catholic multitude." These few events show that half a century

\* 1843, I, 41.

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after the Eastern Schism there still were members of the Russ House who believed themselves to be Catholics, and who knew that their urgent appeals for help and protection would best find response at the Supreme Ecclesiastical Court in Christendom.

M. EDITH ALMEDINGEN.

## SOME RECENT BOOKS

AN English Jesuit may be called upon to turn his hand anywhere. He may be packed off to Guiana with a medicine chest. He may be ordered to analyse the sins of society in Mayfair. He may even be told to write the *Life of Father Bernard Vaughan*, which is what has fallen to the lot of Father Martindale (Longmans), and very convincingly he has done it without being always convinced himself as to the methods which made Father Vaughan great. Great was Bernard of heart and voice, great in his sensationalism and great in his humility. The smiling Church became his megaphone and the electrified Press his limelight. He left no books or diaries or letters, and Father Martindale had to snatch his biographical matter from the incandescent trail of anecdote, atmosphere and press-clippings. It was a book to be written now or never, and the fun, fearlessness, foolishness and faithfulness of Bernard Vaughan has been caught by a cunning etcher. We adopt his words: "Please see him a very simple man, aflame with the most genuine indignations, ready for the most straight-forward friendships; ready to laugh with open delight with those who did not mind an honest laugh; very shy of the shy and of the pompous or dogmatic or languid or over-exquisite; and totally averse to the endless qualifications which for the sake of a donnish accuracy finish by robbing a statement of any discernible meaning whatever." And then on his vulgarity comes the remarkable comment: "Frankly I regard it as more of a spiritual feat to keep yourself in the limelight unselfishly than to keep out of it altogether." The famous sermons Father Martindale does not think were sensational in their bulk. "He usually began them haltingly with a curious chopped-up wilful accuracy." Then he pelted his audience with phrases that jarred or shocked. He used slang because "it was the violent word needed." His rhetoric was often very bad. His puns could be lamentable. But England listened.

It sounded cheap and sensational at the time and people

## Father Bernard Vaughan

like Father Martindale were always ready to walk a long distance to avoid hearing him preach. He prefers as biographer to register some of the effects rather than to quote the rhetoric, but Father Bernard's card-play reads delightfully: "Life is a game of whist. Some play for riches, and diamonds are trumps: some for power, and clubs are the trumps; some for love, and hearts are. But the fourth hand is always held by death, who takes all the tricks with spades."

Father Martindale makes an interesting comparison with another Catholic artist at that time, Robert Hugh Benson. "Neither would have been happy in each other's company. Father Vaughan would have infuriated Mgr. Benson, while Mgr. Benson would have seemed ineffectual to Vaughan. Yet where Benson was a boy, Vaughan was a child; where Benson was iridescent, ironic, shrill, fanciful, secretive about himself and passionately interested in the individual cases that came into his path, an explorer, a convert, frail-seeming and thus pathetic, Father Vaughan was flamboyant, caustic, an elocutionist, a skilled apostle of the obvious, frankly, almost brutally, self-advertising and delighting in crowds and the massive impression, and perfectly unskilled in minute analysis of this mind or of that; a rooted Tory, though with his eyes wide open and far more aware than the would-be-mediæval Benson of the good elements in a vulgarized world that Benson simply loathed. . . ." This seems as good a criticism of our Catholic preaching Castor and Pollux as it is possible to write. It brings a real sadness that we shall hear neither of them again. Still they haunt the pulpits they adorned and they are not replaced.

The difficulty of Father Martindale's task can hardly be gauged by the success with which he achieved it. Undramatic himself, Father Martindale is a pure psychologist, and he lets Father Vaughan's talents as a religious spring spontaneously from the atmosphere of that religiously romantic family, whose mother's face was seen by her children to transform itself to an unearthly beauty in the Real Presence. But it was Mrs. Vaughan's gift for

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satire and caricature which made Bernard a born actor. The critics called it vaudeville, but it was worthy of our Lady's Tumbler. As a Jesuit he never ceased his tumbling. After he had been ground in the mill of the Society there was no reason why he should have ever been heard of again. But he came to the public front much quicker than many important people, who were freer than him to do so. In Manchester he joined the Anglican Bishop and the Nonconformist Mayor in a trinity of celebrity. The bazaar was brought to perfection as a mode of charity, and once even the Deadwood Coach was driven by Buffalo Bill, while within "a stream of jokes flowed from Father Vaughan's lips, punctuated by Bishop Clifford's chuckle and the Johnsonian criticisms of Bishop Hedley!"

Essentially great, Father Vaughan attracted the great. Leo, thirteenth of the name, was pleased to observe that he had been born under Vesuvius and sent to England to cool. King Edward invited himself to hear him preach on the Magdalen, at Cannes. "I am accustomed to preach as in the presence of the King of Kings, and shall not be made nervous," was the sublime reply. It is amusing that the first jet of London limelight was provided by the Protestant Press at enormous expense to themselves, for the *Rock* had to pay £300 for saying Bernard was "steeped in sedition." It was only a question of time before fascinated, angry, vulgar, exquisite and devout crowds fought for seats in Farm Street. It was as much an epoch in modern preaching as the introduction of the cinema in drama. Father Martindale insists that Father Vaughan was sincere and uses a startling parallel. "I have always felt sure that *De Profundis* was a sincere book; and Aubrey Beardsley, had he lived to draw Saints, as he hoped to do, and had drawn them like Salome, would still have been sincere." We may say that Pater was as sincere in his consummate refinement as Bernard in his splashing limelight, and Father Martindale likewise in his queer psychological power of words, for all three are artists—and has not



## The Parson's Progress

Father Martindale been, by Catholics, cryptically called "Pater noster" ?

Father Vaughan was at his best in the East End, passing through the squalid streets while the Premier Duke carried his warning bell and the loiterers were gathered up, or presenting Mary Anderson out of her retirement at the People's Palace, Mile End Road. Was Father Vaughan a personality or a personage ? Was he a Spurgeon or a Savonarola ? Was he a guileless Jesuit or a humbugging Englishman ? What was so attractive about him and what was it that made so many squirm ? Father Martindale answers all the reader's questions in a disarming manner through the book. Public event never submerged him. A National Crisis, a Eucharistic Congress, a rude traveller, a platform heckling, a Royal command, all served to bring out his genial and ready spirits. He was never at a loss, and during the long dissolving agony of the war his personality rang and wore enduringly. Whatever changed, our Bernard changed not at all. It was a strange and stirring life, fruitful and inspiring to thousands whose only approach or reflection Godward was what the evening papers reported Father Vaughan to have said. He loved the gay world he criticized so strongly. At his last ball as a youth he had told his partner that he was becoming a priest ; " You who love the world and dancing so much ? " " It is because I love it so much that I am leaving it," was his legendary reply. And in the end the great incongruous, unthinking, honest, irreligious, world of Englishmen came to love Father Vaughan, seeing in him the best points of Mr. Bottomley, Charlie Chaplin and Lord Lonsdale. And all the while he served his Master with his whole heart and hand and voice.

S. L.

A CRITIC ought to hate to seem superior ; yet he may prefer to run that risk by floating, angel-winged with courtesy, over the eggshells among which Mr. Compton Mackenzie invites him to rush. For really, *The Parson's Progress* is such a congeries of delicate

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brittle things that one who is a part-dedicattee of the book is twice over anxious not to crack so much as one of them. Therefore, taking a most lofty view of the book as a whole, let us say, first, that it is most certainly about a parson (several, in fact), and, despite a very general opinion, about his progress. From our exalted viewpoint, the Rev. Lidderdale is seen to be getting somewhere. A friend who read the book, told us that *he* held it should be called "The Parson's Potterings." And so it should be, were Mark Lidderdale's movements supposed to lead him to a billet. He flits from parish to parish—Galton, where he lives for a space as deacon, then priested; Chelsea, Pimlico, elsewhere, till people may be forgiven for saying: When on earth will the fellow settle down? Crash comes the hoof among the eggshells. For that is not the sort of thing at all that he is getting to. Frankly, the most consecutive part of this book is the first. The rest, and even some of this, are very cinematographic, as, after the continuations of *Sinister Street*, you have come, alas, to expect. (And we confess that Mark soliloquizes and even writes very much in the style of Michael Fane, and even of that astonishing philosopher, Sylvia.) Not for us to decide whether "literary construction" demands that no incident should be merely episodic in a book—certainly many things happen in life that do not seem to affect the next events or moods in any way; and this trilogy is a study of life, or nothing. But then again, when we remember the sheer *pattern* on which *Sinister Street I* was constructed, a pattern that revealed itself if you studied it hard enough, especially if you had had an authorized hint or two, it may turn out that each episode here, too, is balanced by another, and that the soul which has experienced the former is somewhat better equipped for coping with the next one—in fact, is making progress. At Galton and in his special outlying district Oaktown, Mark made experiments of a truly personal sort, all the more because his vicar, though Anglo-Catholic, was timidly so, and tried to check him. It was well for his

## The Parson's Progress

progress that he met no dominant personality or massive policy and method so early. Moreover, I suppose he was helped by meeting so many oddities. Is that a fault of Mr. Mackenzie's, that he does so collect odd folks for his pages? One hardly chafed at that, when Sylvia went wandering through the cabarets of Petrograd or Bucharest; but here one feels a little buffeted by them. Anyhow, Mark believed in the strict supernatural and held that he experienced it in the Anglican communion service, and had little tolerance accordingly for any conventions that interfered with his sacramental treatment of human nature. It is certain that this did bring him into contact *with* human nature as normal Anglican parsonhood never could have done, and the honest little episode of Carrie and her lover prepared him, I do not doubt, to deal with the murderer later on. But his great step forward occurred when, at his ordination to the priesthood, "the bishop's pastoral staff assumed . . . the likeness of a tall note of interrogation." The unfortunate young man realized that every detail of his faith had to be tested to the uttermost, and he possessed but the most muddled mind to do it with. He insists that he will be no modernist nor adapt Christianity to actual "needs"; then, precisely because of his own new need, begs for and receives, he thinks, an overwhelming "faith" in the Eucharistic presence at the moment of his "first mass," and orientates the whole of his ministry to the worship of the altar; yet in the parlour immediately afterwards, he "doubts" about the Virgin-Birth and, in fact, about the historicity of the whole thing, ". . . while away from this room and in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, I don't care that for historical facts. My Lord and God is there." The vicar talked of logic, and Mark protested bitterly against that cruel name, and demanded leave for midnight mass at Oaktown. Thus he swings; but, maybe, the pendulum flies, each time, a little further forward.

Thence Mark went to a series of really detestable churches, and since Mr. Mackenzie says he gives no

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photographs in this trilogy save Rowley's, who is Dolling, one is driven to suppose these places are typical, since we have known at least one just like each. All the worse. We have the violent paradox of men who certainly believe in the Real Presence on their altars, yet use it as an anti-bishop weapon and live in an atmosphere of ecclesiastical stunts. Yes; they are like film actors doing real stunts. It is real, and it is sham. You see how it works out when Joe Beeton goes to confession before his arrest for murder. All the "dialect" of this part is very well "given," and Mr. Mackenzie was never better as artist than here. But the murderer, product of an Anglo-Catholic school, has indeed got accustomed in his boyhood to confessing his sins when he has committed any, and you quite well see how suited is a sacramental system to humanity; but dogma? the supernatural? Christianity, even? He was just an honest theist as all men are, coloured by the after-sunset of the old fear-religion that Miss Kaye Smith paints so well, with up-gushes of an equally English and sentimental trust in a decent ultimate justice. I do not see that Mark gets him to make any sort of act of contrition; the chief thing he insists on is that the excellent murderer has helped *him*, Mark—and that well may be believed. But "help," "helpful," are words so thoroughly part of the Protestant dialect! So is "little." So is "dear." So is "now won't you . . ." "A helpful little service." "You dear people of Hoxton—dear Father X. has sent me to you . . .; won't you kneel down with me . . ." Mark, in spontaneous moments, relapses into all of them. The absolution of this man, and the happy death of a prostitute make him feel, however, that God has used him for real work in this unreal life. He leaves for a holiday at Wych-on-the-Wold, and at once you breathe fresh air in place of incense, naughty though so stale. Charming interlude, in which Mark makes a real sacrifice—a delightful country living—having himself been (because he has been?) rejected by the most spiritual character in the book, Pauline. So he was not obliged to "change from

## The Parson's Progress

a priest into a clergyman." Just now, too, he sees in the Definition of the Immaculate Conception "consummate Christology." He is getting converted to logic . . . and no wonder, after a spell of St. Chad's, Pimlico. Idle to follow him through the churches, though we should like to have talked about Don Tommaso and Crapano, where Mark very wisely went for another holiday after another perhaps-collapse of faith and hope. He was neurasthenically reduced to the sense of his own unreality, due to so forced a co-habitation with the unreal. But, poor fellow, after Italy and faith, he returns to Cornwall, this time, and what will happen to him there? That is for the third volume—*The Heavenly Ladder*.

Take those two words literally. Mark has now to move, indeed, but not merely forward, still less round and round, but up. The author can quite well make him do this. There are many pages of deep spirituality in this book. All the more must we shudder when the fuss, frivolity, and veneer of religion is so mercilessly exposed to us. Mr. Mackenzie is no cynic, because he not only can see the "spiritual," but see it in the very men whose life seems religiously so shoddy. Yet these young clergymen have really but one dogma—We are Priests. In all the rest they keep "losing faith" at a moment's notice. Even while they keep it, it is (save in some secret recess of their souls known to God, but most certainly not to them) in their own preferences. And their cult, as we said, is an indecent arbitrariness. If you are afraid the bishop may forbid you Reservation, go one further, and threaten Benediction: to avoid the latter he will wink at the former, and then you can profit by that weakness by starting Exposition. No. By returning to the scene of his childhood, Mark has gone behind those chaotic years. By taking a holiday in grey flannels and a pink shirt, he had felt that he re-drew breath. I think he will carry that through—in one of two ways. He might—yes, he really might become a Norfolk-jacketed Nonconformist missionary, full of the love of God and not disbelieving in the Eucharist; or he might, and I think he

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will, settle resolutely into the laymanship that always, in fact, had been his, and ultimately become a real and realist priest according to the desire and, I think, the vocation that also truly and always had been his. To achieve this, he may have to pass through all but the gates of hell; or, possibly, at the very dawn of death, possibly to-morrow, he may find "heaven lie in prospect wide," and that the thing has been done for him, in his sincerity, and that he is standing at the very side of God.

C. C. M.

**M**R. GEORGE SHUSTER has written a conscientious, very readable and sometimes Chestertonian summary of *The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature* (Macmillan) which should prove a textbook for any reader. In a succession of chapters the brighter and obscurer lights of the Neo-Catholic movement receive their meed. Kenelm Digby, the spade worker, produced what was "as vast as the *Comedie* of Balzac, as learned as Mommsen's *History*." Scott, the real origin of the Oxford Movement, "was neither democratic nor spiritual, though his influence made in the end for both." (Dickens is epigrammatized by the way as "ignorant of ever so many historical details, but who read history correctly.") Newman has his three chapters from which one phrase lives—"The delicate steel of his own sensibility pierced him through." And it is a fair criticism to say that St. Augustine succumbed far oftener than Newman to the temptation of a phrase. One would like to think that Faber's English ever combined "the fervour of St. Teresa with the sweetness of St. Francis." The Catholic revival is typically, if cryptically, put: "Peter was no longer rockbound and the men who had thought him imprisoned discovered his officers on inexplicable parole." There remains not much more to be said of Patmore and Thompson, but Mr. Shuster says it. Father Hopkins is scarcely known on the scene, one who "felt unsafe against the teasing stars" and joined the Jesuits and became "a futurist poet before the shrine



## Catholic Spirit in Literature

of Mary." The difficult criticism of his prose and poetry is well tried. Hopkins was in his *bizzarerie* not the violator but the victim of song. It is true that but for his conversion Aubrey de Vere would have remained a mediocre Wordsworthian, but as a Catholic he lit "gentle vesper lamps" which are still alight. Pater made the mistake of beholding the Mass "as a tableau instead of a drama." Wilfred Blunt, "perhaps the only modern Richard of the Lion Heart would have welcomed for a brother," possibly, but it is a serious blunder to talk of him as "hating the Moslem." Francis Thompson's life was "pervaded with penitential peace." Lionel Johnson was "too stately for his mission as a troubadour." We demur at the comparison of Allie and Gibbon in their style and grasp of detail, but it is interesting to record Professor Gerould's opinion that Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints* are "time-defying in the same way as Gibbon." Mr. Shuster's chapter on the modern novel is wise and inspiring, especially when he discerns the novel as the medium for Truth and mentions amusingly that novels in America are often accused of fiction! He is fascinated by Hugh Benson and his "curiosity in the borderlands of life and appetite for magnificence." He was an "admirable pulpit orator," but was far too dramatic to be "a successful spiritual director." Is John Ayscough at any time a Keble writing with "the twinkling spirit of Charles Lamb?" The criticism of Marion Crawford is that he did not foresee the social power of the novel and over-practised the discipline of the secret. The chapter on the American Contribution will be the most useful to European readers, and Father Tabb is the American who still arrests most attention. Mr. Shuster sets Tabb's art in a pregnant sentence: "A decade passed sometimes before the lyric he wished to make had hardened cameolike under the impress of his spirit, but it was sure in the end to seem perfectly spontaneous." In welcome supplement to his published poetry, a study of *Father Tabb, his Life and Works* (John Hopkins Press) has been written by Dr. Francis Litz with a number of uncol-

## Some Recent Books

lected and unpublished poems. Tabb is rightly hailed as "the greatest of American epigrammatists." We are grateful for our first knowledge of his curious career from the Confederate Navy to St. Charles' College, Baltimore. He ran the Blockade twenty times during the Civil War, was made prisoner and suffered in company with Sidney Lanier. "Here, in this hell hole I met Sidney Lanier. One day, while I was lying in my cot, ill with fever, the distant notes of a flute reached my ears from the opposite side of the camp. I was entranced. I said to myself, I must find that man. I commenced searching with the result that I found the flutist in the poet, Sidney Lanier." It makes an exquisite idyll in that barbarous epic of the American Civil War! Becoming a Catholic, he was ordained by Cardinal Gibbons and passed the rest of his life teaching and writing until he became blind. His biographer picks out of a complex character strains of humility, vanity, vindictiveness and eccentricity, which made him the interesting man and teacher he was. His life was largely written into his epigrams, which make this volume a prize to all his admirers. We have the comic side abundantly displayed, sometimes with the help of caricatures, as this, for example, of himself:

This is the Catholic priest  
Who in piety never increased!  
With the world and the devil  
He kept on a level,  
Though from flesh he was wholly released.

This was on a vein with the terrific and unexpected ending of one of his sermons, "And remember, my dear young friends, though the Devil is damned he is no damn fool"!

Dr. Litz has discovered three manuscript collections, the gemmy richness of which may be realized in the different moods of the following handful:

### JACET LEO XIII

Behold the aged Lion, Lord;  
I am  
Now come to lay me down  
Beside the Lamb.

# Saint Lydwine of Schiedam

## TWO EPITAPHS

Love lingers here where Life has fled.  
Where Death thy victory ?  
Life lingers here where Love is dead,  
Then hail, O Death, to thee!

## APRIL

For many a flower that sleeps  
The zephyrs sigh in vain,  
Till April, Christ-like, weeps  
And Lazarus lives again.

## IN THE CONFESSIONAL

"Well, Pat, have you no more to say ?"  
"That's all, your Reverence, to-day ;  
But with the help of Heaven be sure  
Another time I'll tell you more."

Comic side and all, these sprays may awaken interest in the briefest and longest-staying of Catholic poets. His biographer publishes a list of minute errata, but we should have preferred to correct "Lillies" on p. 277, "goom" for gloom on p. 217, and the atrocious "Loncoln" rhyming with "think on" on p. 84. S. L.

HUYSMANS has had such an attraction and influence on writers outside his own country that any addition to the English translations of his curious novels is welcome. He wrote a mystical jargon of tropes and similes that stylists should preferably avoid. Properly speaking he did not write French at all, but a precious and learned phraseology of his own, which it should be possible for a good word-manipulator to match in English parallel. *Saint Lydwine of Schiedam* (Kegan Paul), translated by Miss Agnes Hastings, strikes us too often as a careless crib. But even a good many misrenderings, omissions and inexactitudes do not dispel the fascinating painfulness of the subject, which was one after Huysmans' own heart, mystical substitution for the sins of others by a martyrdom of unalleviated ill-health. During thirty years she only enjoyed three good nights! The suffering of St. Lydwine

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as described in biography was replete with those exaggerations and repugnancies which the Middle Ages demanded to suit the taste for thrills and horrors. But unlike a modern novel of pessimism and pain, no suffering was useless or unapplied. St. Lydwine and her Divine Lover and mystical Tormenter kept accurate reckonings, for she was "a victim ground in the mortar of God, a pitiful emblem of the suffering Church." The ghastliness of the times called forth saints like Joan of Arc and Lydwine of Schiedam. She was very patient in her prolonged and agonizing bodily decay, but she sometimes allowed herself to say what only a saint would have dared to say, that God had no mercy on her though He recommended her so strongly to be merciful to her neighbour. "Certainly, I would not deal with my fellows as He deals with me!" There were times when the Divine Presence was withdrawn from her and others when she was inundated with celestial ecstasy. ". . . Jesus appeared! There was but one leap and one cry; the soul threw itself abandoned at His feet and He raised her and pressed her tenderly to Him. She swooned with joy and for nearly ten days lived in ecstasy above place and time, immersed as it were in the ocean of the Divine Essence. If she had not breathed, her friends would have thought her dead." Such a passage translates clearly, but Huysmans' marvelous picture of the contemporary Dutch interior, as minute and fastidious as a Dutch Master, in Chapter VIII is hardly reproduced in the English. Saint Lydwine was one of those chosen mortals to whom the Father applied the same law of ransoming which He has applied to the Son, and her wounds had some mysterious relation to the wounds of the contemporary Church. For Holland she performed the duty of a spiritual dyke, being the one just soul necessary to prevent that country being overwhelmed by the tide of sins. Though she had Thomas à Kempis himself amongst her biographers, there is considerable confusion in their accounts, and Huysmans threaded together the strands of three lives with an artist's unerring hand, filling out her vision of Paradise, for instance, with

## Life of Mrs. Humphry Ward

a description of the Adoration of the Lamb by Van Eyck, since he is certain she must have sensed Heaven after the Flemish model. It is curious to think that Belgium made the return of a panel of that picture one of the actual articles of peace with Germany. The whole book makes strong reading, but the life of Lydwine was lived under the reaction of terrible times terribly epitomized by Huysmans in the words recalling "an Emperor of Germany always drunk going on a visit to an insane King of France for the purpose of deposing a Pope. The Holy Spirit judged by an inebriate and a maniac"! A uniform and accurate translation of Huysmans would be welcome to a larger than a Catholic public. S. L.

THE *Life of Mrs. Humphry Ward* (Constable) reminds us of the curious episode when the best-seller and the religious tract were merged in *Robert Elsmere*. Since Mrs. Ward's novel fluttered statesmen and theologians, religious fiction has held its own. *Robert Elsmere* must be godparent to scores of novels that would not otherwise have seen the light. Whether Mrs. Ward's own novels will prove permanent is another question. She was immersed in the contemporary controversy of the English Church, which has faded into new phases. *Robert Elsmere* to-day would be probably Dean of St. Paul's and Richard Meynell Canon of Westminster. There would be no theological agonies, no passionate query whether the broadest and most advanced thought could stay in the Church of England. It has stayed and will stay. Mrs. Ward would have written a more lasting novel if she had described her own father's two conversions to Rome amid the Arnold background, the finding of faith in Tasmania, his relapse and final conversion just in time to prevent him getting an English Chair at Oxford. The tragedy of Catholic neophyte and Puritan wife would have proved more lasting than the themes which set the blinkered Mr. Gladstone prancing in the 'eighties. The transference of the family to Edgbaston produced a *cri-de-cœur* through the Arnoldian ranks; "Oh, to

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think of his grandson, dearest Tom's son, being examined by Dr. Newman!" Catholics will recall that Mrs. Ward's first novel was suggested by Mary Anderson, and that another, *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, was based on the Catholic Stricklands of Sizergh Castle. "The vision of the old squire and the old house, of all the long vicissitudes, of obscure sufferings and dumb clinging to faith, of obstinate half-conscious resistance to a modern world that in the end had stripped them of all their gear and possessions save only this 'I will not' of the soul." The book was criticized by Father Clarke, S.J., in the *Nineteenth Century* and defended by Dr. Mivart. In *Eleanor* there is a good description of Leo's twenty-first anniversary in St. Peter's. The *Case of Richard Meynell* showed deep reading of Tyrrell and Loisy, but the frame was Anglican and the outer world no longer cares whether a parson believes or not. S. L.

THE *Orchard Books* have begun well. The charm of St. Augustine's *Confessions* is perennial. They remain the first and best autobiographical novel of the Christian era. Saint Monica and the Manichees, the Saint's toothache and his soul-ache are separately immortalized in the Augustinian background. St. Augustine's pear tree which he robbed as a child is as perennial as Washington's cherry tree. He himself performs the almost impossible task of writing his own hagiology. Dom Hudleston has revised and emended the *Confessions* in the remarkably good translation of Sir Tobie Mathew (Burns, Oates and Washbourne), Priest, Convert and son of an Archbishop of York. Sir Tobie raised a Protestant rival in William Watts, but Pusey in his edition, based on Watts, often restored the Catholic translator. Dom Hudleston's edition reduces the whole to breast-pocket size, though at the cost of fine print. Four sizes larger is the handsome French version by Dom Gougaud (*Le Livre Catholique*), who joins the English Benedictine in praising the text of Gibb and Montgomery (Camb. Univ. Press), a text that the specialists like Dom Wilmart place in the first rank.



## The Orchard Books

The Loeb Library (Heinemann) have recently been fortunate in securing Mr. W. H. D. Rouse to edit their bilingual edition, which is attractive to those who have a taste for following the Latin. Mr. Rouse finds the Saint's style "condensed in phrase and formless in structure," and therefore impossible to reproduce. When Mr. Rouse in one of his rare notes points out (Book IX, Chap. 3) that the old rendering in the Psalms is used to bring out the play of words between "*Cassiciaco . . . in monte incaseato, monte tuo*," the reader begs for more. In one instance (Book VI, Chap. 4) Dom Hudleston brings out Augustine's elaborate word-play in a note showing how the use of *suspendium* (halter) alludes to the suspension of judgment advocated by the Academy. It seems inevitable that the stark paradoxes and artifices of Augustine's rhetorical style must be taken out of their strict Latin pattern and diffused in English speech, all the wonderful address to God "*paenitet te et non doles, irasceris et tranquillus es, opera mutas et nec mutas consilium*, etc." Or take four Latin words—*blanditiae lascivientium amari volunt*. Watts has "the enticements of amorous enigmists desire to be loved," while Mathew renders "the dalliances of the amorous ask for return of love."

We may compare the translations of a fine passage at the end of Book VIII, 4, "*Quoniam firmitas nostra quando tu es tunc est firmitas, cum autem nostra est, infirmitas est. Vivit apud te semper bonum nostrum et quia inde aversi sumus, perversi sumus. Revertamur iam Domine ut non evertamur*."

(Watts and Rouse) "For our weakness when tis from thee then is our strength; but when tis of ourselves then it is weakness indeed. Our good still liveth with thee; from which because we are averse therefore are we perverse."

(Mathew and Hudleston) "When thou art our strength we have strength indeed, but when we rely upon ourselves, our strength is nothing but weakness. With thee always liveth all our good and when from thee we are averted we are perverted."

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There can be no excuse now for the leisurely reader not becoming acquainted with the word and spirit of the *Confessions*. The translation of the accomplished Sir Tobie has been revived, and by printing the Latin text the Loeb Library have benefited patristic study.

The inundation of Augustinian literature is further sustained from across the Atlantic by an exhaustive study of the Saint's *Vocabulary and Rhetoric* by Sister Wilfrid Parsons (Catholic University of America) which is marvellously and mathematically minute since the rare words are labelled like a museum of insects and every trope or turn of style has been counted in a series of tables of which we quote one—

Paronomasia	...	...	...	...	239
Homoioptoton	...	...	...	...	584
Homoiopteleuton	...	...	...	...	1,124
Isocolon	...	...	...	...	146
Parison	...	...	...	...	237
Comparison	...	...	...	...	167
Oxymoron	...	...	...	...	29
Paradox	...	...	...	...	32

Who could count the paradoxes in Chesterton? But Sister Wilfrid has counted the *Hyperbata* in St. Augustine unto 3,475. The learned in Europe will be disappointed to hear that *Anadiplosis* is only represented nine times, but sincere admiration is our only feeling toward a work in which meticulous accuracy has been raised to a heroic degree. There is really nothing more to be discovered or said concerning St. Augustine's Latin! S. L.

**I**N *Science and Sanctity*, Mr. Victor Branford (Leplay House Press) finds fault with the world. "The earth is the Devil's and the fullness thereof." This is due to the fact that the world is no longer moulded on the poet's vision; it is ruled by money, not by ideals; it has no longer any use for the poet. He shows how useful the poet was even in the war; his utility is calculated in £ s. d. ! The author holds the scientist to blame for our present de-

## Science and Sanctity

generacy. By his specialization and analysis he has destroyed the unity of things. In this he is mistaken, the whole aim of Science is unity, as recent discoveries in Physics clearly show : e.g., the Electron theory of matter reduces some ninety chemical elements to two ; the theory of Relativity classifies Geometry, Astronomy and Physics as one and the same science. Analysis is but a means to an end, the unity of water is not destroyed by proving that it consists of oxygen and hydrogen. Scientific specialization is a means of economy in organized thought, just as industrial specialization is for the organized state a means of economy of time and energy. The author advocates the union of Religion and Science and the Arts ; he would have us all a combination of saint, philosopher, poet and artist. His ideal is high ; Michael Angelo is probably the only human being who approached it. How are we to rise from our present degraded position ? The individual may begin by making a walking tour through the country, by day-dreaming by day and seeing visions by night. Collectively we may make improvements by town-planning and by re-organizing our Universities into Schools of Religion, Philosophy, Poetry and the Arts and Crafts. It is not clear if Mathematics, Science, Law or Medicine would find a place in this University, Engineering certainly would not. Would such a University, for which there is neither historic nor utilitarian sanction, be united or scientific or saintly ? It has been argued that there can be no antagonism between Religion and Science since they deal with different things, the one with the spiritual, the other with the material world. If this were true, Mr. Branford's book would have no *raison d'être*. But it is not so easy : we cannot always decide a priori what is material and what spiritual ; hence there have been and will be quarrels between theologians and scientists as to their proper spheres of action. Undoubtedly their spheres sometimes overlap. There is then a point in Mr. Branford's endeavour "to bring about definitive relations between the City of God, dreamed by religious men, and the city of health, wealth

## Some Recent Books

and sanity for which practitioners of applied science scheme and labour." To us Catholic laymen that is exactly what our religion stands for.

J. J. D.

ON the whole we have nothing but praise for Dr. Sihler's book, *From Augustus to Constantine* (Camb. Univ. Press). It is a series of twelve essays dealing with the contact and conflict of classical Paganism and Christianity, which originally appeared in the *New York Biblical Review*. Dr. Sihler does not theorize, a baneful habit with writers on comparative religion, but simply arrays facts with the very fullest documentation. Classic civilization is made to announce its spiritual failure through its own spokesmen, and the abyss that separated pagan religious practice and philosophical speculation from Christian belief appears ever deep and yawning. Stoicism, Neo-Platonism and Gnosticism are described by their own professors and are more minutely examined in those of their tenets that are thought to bear some likeness to Christian doctrines. The fierce intensity of the persecutions of the early Christians, the strange fashion in which the later paganism preserved its earlier cult worships side by side with divergent philosophical theories and esoteric beliefs, the difficulties of the early apologists, the attempted pagan revival under the emperor Julian, the coming of Alaric and the spiritual growth of St. Augustine, are the main themes with which the author deals. He has gathered together an immense amount of matter and in every case quotes chapter and verse, hardly ever intruding a personal judgment or prejudice, but letting the sources speak for themselves. In this way his work will be a great boon to the student of the relations of Paganism and Christianity in the first five centuries, and will serve also as some corrective to Gibbon's interpretation. From the general tone of the work and from one or two "asides" we gather that Dr. Sihler is a very pious evangelical, not overfond of Catholicism. This is certainly a drawback and his long studies and researches in this period must have been rather like journeys in a foreign

## Charles de Foucauld

land. He talks of St. Augustine's "anti-Romanist stand," quoting: "We, therefore, who are, and are called *Christians*, believe not in Peter, but in Him, in whom Peter believed." One is inclined to respond: "Well, what about it?" Dr. Sihler will find what Hippo thought of Rome in St. Augustine's *Epistles* (43 and 209) and the *Sermo* (131). Again, is it quite true to say that the works of Tertullian contain no recognition of the supremacy of the episcopal see of Rome and its holder? There is evidence to the contrary in his writings both as a Catholic (*Praescr.*, 22) and as a Montanist (*De Pudicitia*). Lack of Catholic feeling also betrays itself, when, obviously admiring St. Augustine, Dr. Sihler carefully dissociates himself from certain Catholic beliefs held by St. Augustine (cf. pp. 274, 312, 329): he feels almost sad for him! Lourdes is parenthetically introduced in an account of a cult statue of Hecate; the reference is irrelevant, unnecessary and distasteful. However, in charity we are willing to discount all this and recognize the book as a great book. Misprints are few (pp. 8, 128) and Americanisms many.

A. B. P.

RELIGIOUS biography is plentiful enough, and at rare intervals we get superlative specimens of it, such as Professor O'Rahilly's recent *Life of Father Doyle* and René Bazin's *Charles de Foucauld* (Burns, Oates and Washbourne), the English translation of which has at last appeared. It is a wonderful book about a wonderful man. Charles Eugène, Viscount de Foucauld, was born, significantly enough, on the feast of the Seven Dolours of Our Lady in 1858. At five he was an orphan, and at twenty a flashy, extravagant Hussar lieutenant. At twenty-five he performed a journey of epoch-making scientific importance through the forbidden land of Morocco. Three years later, after visiting the *shotts* of Algeria, he settled in Paris, and there, at his aunt's house, he met the Abbé Huvelin, curate of St. Augustin, who brought about his conversion, after thirteen years of desolate unbelief. A short visit to the Holy Land and

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retreats in various monasteries followed, and, in the beginning of 1890, Paris, which had been running after him, was amazed to hear that he had run away from *it* to the Trappists at N.D. des Neiges. As Brother Marie Alberic, de Foucauld remained six months in this abbey, and then went to La Trappe de N.D. du Sacré Cœur, in Syria. But four years in the hardest of Trappist monasteries left Brother Marie Alberic longing for a harder and more solitary life, and his holiness having edified his brethren it was decided that he had a vocation outside of the order.

He accordingly spent three years in the Holy Land, doing odd jobs for the Poor Clares in Nazareth and Jerusalem, where he was persuaded by the Reverend Mother that he ought to take Holy Orders. He was ordained on June 9th, 1901. Two months later he went to Africa and arrived at Beni-Abbes towards the end of October. Henceforth, until the day of his murder, fifteen years later, Father de Foucauld—or Brother Charles, as he now called himself—lived in this *terra deserta et invia et inaquosa*, an entirely unprecedented life, dedicated to prayer, mortification and the salvation of souls. Here was an immense, barren land, the inhabitants of which knew nothing of Our Lord. Clearly, this could not continue. They must be enlightened, and Brother Charles would do it single-handed, if no one else ventured. His method would be that of prayer, mortification and the example of personal holiness; no sacrifice, no humiliation, no suffering could be too great to bring even one of these half-savage nomads to the foot of the cross. Beni-Abbes, an oasis of 8,000 palm trees, at the junction of the two Saharan deserts, was singled out for its utter wretchedness. Land was bought, a chapel and mud huts were built, farming was undertaken, and an enclosure of pebbles was made, outside of which Brother Charles only went when necessary. Then a rule was drawn up of 6½ hours sleep, 1½ hours for meals, 4 hours of work, and 12 of prayer, office and adoration. He lunched on a piece of barley bread soaked in “desert tea” and dined on



## Charles de Foucauld

said tea with condensed milk, a menu at which his half-caste assistants revolted. The farming was not a success, water was scarce, converts were more so, and the climate was terrific. But there was Mass in the morning, adoration in the evening—prayer unceasing; so all went well. This life of divine severity continued at Beni-Abbes, until Brother Charles found there were “too many tramways.” Accordingly he moved into the country of the violent Tuaregs and settled at Tamanrasset and Asakrrem. His magic personality and obvious holiness induced even the Tuaregs to climb thousands of feet to visit him. He found time, as always, for drudgery, and actually compiled a Tuareg dictionary. Occasionally he met old friends or made new ones. But neither these, nor his desert journeys, nor occasional visits to Beni-Abbes, nor his correspondence, relaxed one iota the iron self-discipline which he applied to his vocation in these incredible solitudes. His reference to the Abbé Huvelin’s death brings this out very clearly: “Jesus is enough. . . . However dear be those in whom His likeness shines, it is He who is all.” On December 1st, 1916, Brother Charles was dragged out of his retreat at Tamanrasset by a score of Fellagas and Tuaregs, and shot; for what reason is not altogether clear.

In this case the book is the man. M. Bazin has allowed Father de Foucauld to hold the stage throughout. He could hardly do otherwise with such a dazzling personality, but he has done it well. It is a long time since such a book appeared, it will be long before we have anything so thrilling again. It is crammed with gems, the most valuable of which are extracts from Father de Foucauld’s diaries and letters. Few will read unmoved the description of the first procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the Sahara. There is a touch of Chauvinism to be met with from time to time, notably the reference to railways on p. 301. The translation is on the whole very good, though occasionally there are quaint renderings. “Jarvey” is hardly current English for cabman, and on p. 168 we have the enormous Latinism, “we are confounded as to ourselves.”

P. A.

## Some Recent Books

MR. LUDOVICI has set himself the task, in his book, *Woman: a Vindication* (Constable), to dispel "the muddled and maudlin misunderstanding which now hangs like a stifling mist over the female sex." He deplores "the tinsel of false sentiment" which has, "in the atmosphere of modern democracy," gathered about "the subject of women in modern England." At the outset he lays claim to originality in having discovered that women are divided into two types—the positive and the negative. The positive, or real, or right, or healthy woman says "Yea" to life all the time, while the negative, or false, or unhealthy woman says "Yea" to life fitfully or not at all. As seen through Mr. Ludovici's eyes the positive or perfect type of woman revolves entirely around her physical adaptation as a reproducer of life. Should she by chance touch life at any other point so as to indicate interest in any other subject, such as art, music, literature, politics or science, such activity is merely a snare for the catching of men, one or more as may be necessary, to enable her to give free rein to her real or fundamental instinct as reproducer of life. Put briefly, Mr. Ludovici's positive or perfect woman is a sexual animal and nothing more. So obsessed is Mr. Ludovici by this point of view that it is dreadful to him that any "healthy girl can look a man—even a most attractive man—straight in the eyes"; it is a distressing sign that her degree of positiveness is very low indeed. Naturally he denies that his positive or perfect type of womanhood, when in process of acquiring a man to be the father of her children, what Mr. Ludovici playfully calls "a sparking plug," takes any account of the man's spiritual nature, provided that he be "savoury, exuberant and in a sound material position." In order that the positive or perfect woman may be well equipped to fulfil adequately her function as a reproducer of life, Mr. Ludovici endows her with certain characteristics, failure to possess any of which would tend to degrade her from the type of perfect womanhood to the negative undesirable type. The essential qualities of the perfect woman

## Lord Shaftesbury

are (in Mr. Ludovici's eyes) duplicity, lack of taste, vulgarity, love of petty power, vanity and sensuality. Perhaps we have said enough to show that Mr. Ludovici has written on an old theme, that woman has no existence apart from man. It is a theme dealt with more adequately by Weiniger, whose book Mr. Ludovici claims to have superseded. Both authors examine the problem from the purely material standpoint, but Mr. Ludovici is the more irritated by Christianity which he considers has thrown a false atmosphere around the relation of the sexes. He emphasizes the many material drawbacks incidental to monogamous marriage, and in so doing makes it clear that he misses the essential element in Christian marriage which has enabled monogamous marriage to subsist—the element Catholics call "grace." When Mr. Ludovici tells us that "modern marriage is on the rocks," he is perfectly correct, as he is careful to say that he omits from his purview Catholic marriage. The Church, which has forgotten more psychology than Mr. Ludovici ever knew, has always taught that marriage which is not entered into as a Sacrament and supported at every point by the Grace of God, must founder on the Scylla of desire or the Charybdis of satiety.

R. P. H.

A MODEL of concise statement and method and arrangement, the biography of *Lord Shaftesbury*, by J. L. Hammond and Barbara Hammond (Constable) enables the reader to follow the many activities of Lord Shaftesbury's life with a minimum of difficulty. And as one reads the wonder grows how so much was accomplished by the efforts of a single man. For its loneliness was the note of his public life. He was always desperately in earnest, and the passion of pity which possessed him left him no rest, but he knew none of the arts which ordinarily make for success in the House of Commons. He was not an adaptable man, and never learned how to co-operate with others, and at no time had a party behind him. He won the respect of all, and more than once high office was open to him, but always some whim or

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scruple was there to make it impossible for him to work in harness with others. When Palmerston offered him a seat in the Cabinet, he explained that he could not be a member of any Government which did not collectively oppose the opening of museums on Sundays. In the same way he found it impossible to join hands with men who contemplated the admission of Jews to Parliament, or the endowment of Maynooth. He was a poor and often a tedious speaker, and yet the tale he told, so simply and stumblingly, in the Commons, more than once moved men to tears. Slowly, but very surely, his earnestness and the terrible truths with which his speeches were packed won their way, and he came to be recognized as a force which would compel attention to even the most unwelcome facts.

It is difficult for men of our generation to realize the kind of industrial conditions which then existed in factories and mills and mines, and were accepted as natural and normal. Children seven years old would be kept at work from five in the morning till eight at night, with one solitary break of thirty minutes at noon. Witnesses before the Select Committee on Factory Children's Labour told how these wretched children were got from their beds before dawn and hastily fed to be in time for the mill, and "many a time they have fallen asleep with the victuals in their mouths." In the pin trade it was the custom for parents to borrow money, and farm one of their children to work off the debt. And these contracts were enforced by the magistrates. In the lace trade: "Work went on from 4 a.m. to 12 p.m.; two sets of adults were employed, but only one set of children. The children's work, winding and preparing the bobbins and carriages, occupied only some eight hours out of the twenty-four; but it was intermittent, and in the intervals the children lay down on the floors." If these things were allowed above ground and in the light of day, it is not surprising if things were no better in the depths of the coal pits. It was the common practice to employ children to push small carriages filled

## Lord Shaftesbury

with coals along the passages, and as these passages were often very low and narrow very small children were preferred. As a rule, these carriages were pushed along small iron railways, but sometimes they were drawn by children and women, "harnessed like dogs in a go-cart," and moving like dogs on all fours. Women were not generally employed to hew coal, but they were very useful in other ways. Witnesses described their emulous spirit: "Harnessed like a horse to a coal carriage, a woman would show all a horse's determination to keep ahead of her rivals." In all these cases Shaftesbury had to face the opposition of men who believed that their pecuniary interests were being threatened. When, for instance, John Bright and the other cotton lords fought against the Ten Hours Bill, they honestly believed their profits were in peril. They vehemently contended that if the children worked two hours a day less the manufacturing superiority of the country would disappear.

But Shaftesbury persevered, and when once the facts were put clearly before the country and brought home to the hearts of the people by constant iteration, the result was not doubtful. By the time the Ten Hours Bill was safely in the Statute Book the sorrows of London had taken possession of Lord Shaftesbury. He no longer cared to think of anything else. Just before he succeeded to the family estates he wrote in his journal: "A few years ago I could have adopted a rural life; I could not, I think, now! My habits are formed on metropolitan activity, and I must ever be groping where there is most mischief." To that groping where mischief was we owe the great reform of the Lunacy Laws which will be for ever associated with his name. In this case he had little trouble with vested interests. A few individuals made money by keeping lunatic asylums, but their political influence was insignificant. Respectability, however, and the general wish to avoid unpleasantness and the unveiling of family skeletons, made the path of the reformer very difficult. The public seemed generally quite indifferent and to acquiesce in the view that

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people certified to be out of their mind had not sufficient sense to suffer. A Parliamentary Committee, of which Shaftesbury was a member, provided him with definite facts for his campaign. In Bethnal Green 400 of these wretched creatures were confined—and their case was typical of the treatment of the time:

There was no attempt at classification, except that the more violent were treated as crib-room cases, that is, each of them was placed in a box, 6 ft. long, covered with straw and chained by the arms and legs. Fifteen of the crib-room cases spent the night in a room 24 ft. long, and it was the custom to leave them in their cribs for the week-end, without attention, till Monday morning, when they were taken out into the yard and plunged into cold water, even when ice was floating on the pails, to rid them of the filth in which they had been lying.

Shaftesbury, sickened and angered, never rested until a substantial measure of reform was won.

The case of the "climbing-boys" or sweeps' apprentices introduced Shaftesbury to a new form of opposition and taught him the power of the simple inertia of habit. Nobody wanted these children to be roasted or suffocated in the chimneys, but for a long time the efforts of the Legislature were baffled by the connivance of magistrates who sympathized with ladies who explained that they had always been accustomed to have their chimneys swept by boys, and felt that probably children had been made so small by Providence on purpose to fit the chimneys. Here again there was no great pecuniary interest at stake—but prejudice and custom were strong. In the end it was almost with a sort of sombre satisfaction that Lord Shaftesbury noted in his diary the death of another suffocated child. In 1872 he wrote: "Years of oppression and cruelty have rolled on, and now a death has given me the power of one more appeal to the public through *The Times*." A child of seven and a half years had been sent up a flue and had been taken out dead fifteen minutes later. One more death was necessary before Shaftesbury's Bill was carried, in 1875. And surely, in closing this brief notice of Lord Shaftesbury's



## Changes and Chances

latest biography, we may feel that its message is one of hope, and that the moral of his career is this: that when the cause of righteousness is presented with sincerity and fired with emotion, it is strong with a strength passing the strength of political parties—for there is an answering goodness in the hearts of the people which makes its appeal irresistible. J. G. S.-C.

**I**N *Changes and Chances* (Nisbet) Mr. H. W. Nevinston tells the story of his life as Journalist, as War Correspondent, as a man of views that were sometimes a little wider than his environment. He did not find himself the "happy English child" of hymns that were heard in the middle 'sixties—who did? He did not find Oxford a home, whether of lost causes or of anything else. No doubt he was "difficult." He detested all of his many relations except one—not at all a fair proportion to be taken at least tolerantly. He hated "institutional treatment"; and only at last, when he found a friend at Oxford, did he close a period of perplexed dissatisfaction:

Suddenly, suddenly, one of the greatest changes in my existence came. It suddenly occurred to a Westminster scholar of my own year that he would ask me to read with him. What he gained from me I cannot conjecture, for he was immeasurably my superior in knowledge of beauty and the world, as well as in charm of character, since I had next to no knowledge of culture or the world, and no charm of character at all. But to me his coming was like an opening Spring after Wintry gloom, and we were together in spirit, and usually in bodily presence, for about two years. The whole of my being was changed and illuminated with something of celestial light. With a laughing or scornful criticism he purged my mind of many crudities, many false idols, many harsh and intolerant aspects of life. The whole world expanded and sang, as under the sun in May; and, as in the Days of Creation, every morning and every evening counted a fresh wonder. Now for the first time I dared to look the world in the face.

And, of course, there was the influence of Ruskin. On Sundays the Master—and Master he remains to-day,

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when nearly all the teachers of that time have ceased to own scholars—used to sit in a stall within view of this youth who contemplated him at leisure—"the mass of tawny hair, the bright grey, nearly blue eyes, meditative under tawny eyebrows, the eagle nose, the long and sensitive mouth; the loose and unfashionable clothes, partly concealed by the long gown." Those were the days when the thin face was still unshaven; in later years, with the added beard, we saw him the very ideal of a Capuchin. Nevinson knows that Ruskin's "influence even upon the revolution in social economics," then just beginning to be felt, has had a "growing power ever since."

The *Daily Chronicle*, under Massingham's editorship, was "the most conspicuous and most heroic paper in London." Nevinson, with that view of it, was delighted to be asked to join the staff. He had some of the usual qualms. He drew a dividing line between journalism and literature—a line since almost extinguished by the pens of the Men and Women of Letters for whom place has been made in the popular press. The necessities of livelihood settled the question for him, as for others; and, after a long career, he can say: "I have lived." He made many and great friends. One of his fellow leader-writers was B. F. Costelloe, "already distinguished for his knowledge of law, his indefatigable power of work, his childlike Catholic faith, who apparently could unravel diplomatic knots while his pen ran on." Lionel Johnson, one of the writers who transformed the journalism of the day into literature, was a recruit pressed into service as a critic on the *Chronicle* by Nevinson, who speaks of him as "an exquisite writer, English by birth and life, but with strong Irish and Catholic inclinations." One September night in 1902, when Nevinson was working late, a message came to him that a man was found dying from a fall in Fleet Street, and that the only possible clue to his identity was an unsigned letter found on him. It was addressed to Nevinson, who went to Bart's to find his friend, unconscious with a fractured skull.

## Miss Kaye-Smith's Novels

In his young days Nevinson had a military enthusiasm which "belonged to the spirit of the time, inspired partly by the writings of Rudyard Kipling, Stevenson, and Henley, but chiefly by ignorance of war." That ignorance was dispelled when, as a war-correspondent, he went into the field. He did not, like so many, wait for the Great War to be no friend to fighting—the Boer War was quite enough for him.

Of his own creative work, *The Plea of Pan* is perhaps the best. Nothing could well be wittier than his description of Pan disguised as a worshipper at the parish church of a typical English village, and afterwards following one of the Rectory domestics into the Rectory garden, to be met by the notice not to walk on the grass! There is still time for Mr. Nevinson, after his interlude of journalism, to give himself over to unharnessed literature, and to have the welcome of a wide world of readers. His outlook on life is a sincere, fresh, and individual one, though you might not think so if you knew him only by the sinister portrait—the work of his talented artist son—appearing on the jacket of this volume.

D. L.

THE first novel by Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith that we read was *Green Apple Harvest*. We now think that this was a pity. The spiritual problem with which it presented us was so poignant, that we thought too little about the rest. Or rather, to us—who after all start with a belief in the Grace of God and are not astonished by the wonderfulness of a conversion nor yet by the oddity of its expression, nor even by the impermanence of the human grip upon the Gift—the conversion of Bob Fuller was not a problem at all, but just a thing to be thankful for. It may be remembered that this sensual, swaggering farmer-lad was "converted" at a revival meeting; was angry with God for having played such a trick upon him, and resolved accordingly to "sarve God out"; half thought he was doing so when he fell in love with a gipsy, Hannah, but fell all-too really in love, and was converted

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over again when she finally threw him over. But this conversion was to the most despairful form of Calvinism ; he knew himself damned and accepted the situation. A hateful gipsy trick makes it look as if Bob Fuller, married now to a girl with a mind of cheap muslin, had gone back to Hannah, and when, after a new shock, he starts to evangelize the district, the yokels, furious with so much hypocrisy, set upon him and injure him mortally ; but, since Beauty and Love reveal themselves at the last hour to his tortured soul, he dies in the peace of God. After we had recovered from the sort of heavenly joy that every reminder of God's patience and mercy and unexclusive love must needs inspire into us, the remaining books by this young authoress claimed to be read. We obtained *Sussex Gorse*, *Little England*, *The Challenge to Sirius*, *Joanna Godden*, and *Saints in Sussex* (poems). Last of all we read *The End of the House of Alard*. It was this book that helped us to focus our judgment which, up to then, had refused to concentrate itself. For to begin with, we had kept asking ourselves how Miss Kay-Smith knew so thoroughly well what Sussex working-men thought and said, with the emphasis on the *men*. Well, it began to seem after a while that the men she chose most to exhibit were never quite the normal masculine type, but such gentle souls as Clem, in *Green Apple Harvest*, who for all his honest manliness was in many ways a child, that is, still half-undifferentiated ; or again, the "gorgeous" Bob, a soul subject to fierce religious upheavals such as take a man right out of the realm of social environment, race, and almost sex. So true is this that one is readily convinced by just the people one might have thought never would convince us, for example, the Calvinist preachers, Mr. Beeman, and Mr. Sumption in *Little England*. Thus, little by little, we began to ask ourselves whether the women in these novels were not, perhaps, more true than the average man was, and much to our annoyance we began to fear that the best created of this remarkable gallery might prove to be Joanna Godden. And Stella in *The House of Alard* is so perfect

## Miss Kaye-Smith's Novels

that we came round to that conclusion at last without regret. Miss Kaye-Smith then speaks with knowledge about women, and sometimes about beautiful and lovable yet normal souls ; with regard to men, she seems to have an instinct so far as certain strange types go, but, perhaps, not knowledge. Well, then, we shifted the emphasis on to the second word of "Sussex working-men," and wondered how Miss Kaye-Smith knew thus the minds and the talk of the inhabitants of farms and little towns like Rye ; of Bethels and of taverns. And in a moment we passed to this—that it is "Sussex" that she knows ; but after the South American episode in *Sirius*, that she could similarly know almost anything, provided that she had so soaked herself in it that she reacted as nearly as possible by instinct, and not consciously.

Thus we think she has fully but instinctively reacted to the double immemorial civilizations in the gipsy-girl, and makes us feel they are there with their innumerable urges and inhibitions issuing into "ways of doing things," and standards unimaginable to the Sussex yokel never even "romanized" properly. But I do not suppose Miss Kaye-Smith could furnish you with "documents" about gipsy or even Latin civilization. Indeed, even when her books are as carefully documented as Zola's or as Flaubert's, yet hers is not merely elaborate observation and registration. There is no doubt at all that what she says about gorse and sheep and parlours is exactly right ; yet how alive compared to the wilful "realists." She is not out to be "objective." What, then, is the strange lack of comment in these books, such that when for once she does introduce her own appreciation—say, of old Mr. Fuller's funeral and its prayerlessness—she makes one jump ? It certainly is not that she does not feel, but (can one say it without being rude ?) she is far at her best, and wisely allows herself to be so, when she is not doing too much *thinking*. Take *The House of Alard*. To start with, the whole book is a thesis. "Large estates ought to be made over to Small Holders." Even she writes a "text"—or rather, selects one from the

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gospel according to Chesterton—and the poor text suffers what such things, torn from their context, usually do. For when Chesterton lamented the “last sad squires” riding off seaward, and declared that a new people took the land, he did not in the least mean Miss Kaye-Smith’s small holder, but the Hebrew plutocrat, or at best a crowd of vulgarized folk quite unlike her idealized peasants, never to be resuscitated any more than the sort of squire she dislikes will survive.

Then, to prove her general thesis, she takes very particularized instances—that is, a squire and his family of such intolerable stupidity that we feel that whatever happens to *them*, nothing in the wide world is proved by it. Perhaps not one of the characters (whom Miss Kaye-Smith disposes of one after the other rather mechanically) is wholly accurate. The eldest son *might* have refused to sell property as obstinately as Peter did, but he would have been too much of a man of the world to put up with such servants. Mary might conceivably have made just that sort of a mess of her marriage; but Jenny would scarcely have remained happy with Ben Godfrey unless she degenerated, for they had no spiritual thing in common, beyond themselves, to pull, or keep them “up.” It is perfectly certain that Lady Alard would not have turned suddenly into a suburban, lamented the smoking of parlour chimneys and rejoice that the sideboard would fit nicely into—into—I forget what; but all I know is that the Alards would not have talked like the ones in the book, whether in their humbled hours or their haughty ones—who on earth, *en famille*, talks about “The House of . . .”? I once knew of a lady who concluded a visit by exclaiming: “But, hark! I hear my horses champing my bits!”—but well, she wasn’t by any means an Alard. These instances are accumulated to justify our surmise that in this novel Miss Kaye-Smith is not letting herself go to that uncanny second self in virtue of which she wrote her first most admirable novels, and which was hardly a *thinking* self at all. She has now taken to thinking out something of a social



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theory, not very successfully, it seems to me, and has not illustrated it very well, and I am bound to say something of the same sort about the religious element that has begun to crop regularly up in Miss Kaye-Smith's work. The truthfulness of the earlier material—the savage Calvinism, the Bible-worship—yes, we can ourselves recollect all-but *visions* of the squat black book, if not gushing flames, at least floating threatening and alive among Sinaitic clouds—was unmistakable. And the utilization of certain Catholic phrases and notions in the *Saints* in order to lend additional strength to some human feelings (pity, in the case of the Magdalen; a “pathetic fallacy” in that of sheer localities, hallowed by the names, say, of Paul and Peter) was so sweetly done that you felt it was right and spontaneous, though just what it meant “in truth” you never were sure. But the naïve streaks of Anglo-Catholicism in *Alard* especially seem sheerly an invasion of the authoress as such, and are totally, totally out of keeping with the landscape, the race, and the individual characters, save, I dare say, Stella, and, therefore, with the book. The authoress still is not thinking—she can never have in any way examined the origin of her true and very spiritual vision of a “Catholic” religion and cult, and, in fact, it remains as purely individualistic as the sincerest Protestantism. Sir John Alard gives the show away when he talks of his son having “changed his religion.” Everyone knew that the new cult had nothing, assuredly, to do with the system established in England since the religious revolution; but since it equally has nothing to do, and Miss Kaye-Smith would (perhaps regretfully) agree, with Rome (save by imitation when that suits), what *has* it got to do with? Individualist Convictions. Therefore, in this book it is either an invasion of the authoress's convictions or it is part of a thesis, and in either case it differs from that absolutely direct unthinking spontaneity of all the earlier books. And this is a great pity. We can quite imagine that Miss Kaye-Smith thinks she *has* been more “personal” in this last novel—that there is more of herself

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in it; well, yes, of that conscious self which was just what did *not* make the amazing success of her work so far. I fear we shall not get much more of *Little England*, where, under the frightful stimulus of the war, her unconscious reaction to the anguish, stupidity, brutality, loveliness of that poor little village was beyond parallel strong and true.

C. C. M.

WE must call attention to the *Bulletin of Oriental Studies*, issued by Sir Denison Ross from Finsbury Circus (Vol. III, Part I), which appears to be full of Jesuits. Father Hosten, S.J., deals with the MSS. presented by Marsden to King's College, containing "a large number of Oriental MSS. composed by Catholic Missionaries in India, Ethiopia, Burma, China, and the Philippines," such as a Burman Alphabet printed in Rome in 1776, Chinese Lexicons and MSS. "brought from the Archives of the Romish Church in Goa." One wonders how Marsden obtained these. Possibly out of the library of Pombal, the suppressor of the Society in Portuguese territories. Mr. Justin Abbott acutely recognizes three of the MSS. as the originals of Thomas Stevens, S.J., "the first Englishman to make his home in India and the first European to have taken a scholarly interest in any of the vernaculars of India." A number of extraordinary interest.

S. L.

THE seventeen illustrations in Mr. Frank Kendon's *Mural Paintings in English Churches* (Lane) are excellent, but that is about all that can be said in commendation of his book. It is true that a diligent reader could compile information about a number of churches as he went along; but it would be simpler to purchase a copy of Mr. C. E. Keyser's *List of Buildings having Mural Decorations*, and in any case it would be inadvisable to waste half-a-guinea on Mr. Kendon, who, in fact, has drawn upon Mr. Keyser for practically the whole of his facts. His statistics and arguments, too, are founded on Mr. Keyser's list, which must obviously be incomplete

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and useless for the purpose. Mr. Kendon himself points out (p. 63) that a number of the paintings have been lost during the forty years which have elapsed since that list was compiled ; what, then, must have happened in the last three centuries which elapsed before its compilation ?

Mr. Kendon's purpose, however, is not artistic but theological : he would show us that the " Catholicism of to-day and [that] of Pre-Reformation times are not the same thing," and that if anyone " insists that they are, he is accusing the Roman Church of to-day of the greatest of all faults in religion—he is saying in effect that the Catholicism of to-day is dead ; for the two ages and their problems are distinct enough. The two religions are only related : the one is the ancestor of the other . . ." (p. 70). This is quite enough to show Mr. Kendon's incapacity to teach anyone anything of value about mediæval Catholicism : like his master, he is incompetent to draw true deductions from his facts. He animadverts on the practice of insisting on the Nativity of our Lord and His Passion in preference to other portions of His life on earth, on Mariolatry, on devotion to certain popular saints : well, he will find it all now. In our churches the Madonna and Child and the Crucifix are predominant, the devotion to our Lady is the same now as then, and while the Middle Ages had their popular saints, we have ours, and even one of theirs, St. Christopher, is coming into vogue again as the protector of motorists. Mr. Kendon could have ascertained all this and more by inquiry in the proper quarter, which is exactly what the great majority of persons in his position will not do : blind, they prefer to go to the blind for guidance.

Enough has been said to show Catholics that this book would be of little service to them ; but perhaps two or three facts may be added to show the crudity of Mr. Kendon's theological ideas. In one place he speaks of the " complex and inexplicable " (p. 82) doctrine of the Trinity ; in another he tells us that it seemed to him " that for all the explanations and illustrations of the

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Trinity, scarcely a man of them was able to retain anything more than an unconvincing geometrical idea of the equality and unity of the persons of the Trinity, which they tried to express in various ways, the triangular diagram among them" (p. 112); and in a third he says that "man longed for a god that they might love rather than fear: the mystery of theology did not interest their hearts, and though they celebrated Holy Trinity Sunday, their hearts could never beat high at the geometrical paradox" (pp. 113, 114). In another place he speaks of God the Father as "the senior person of the Trinity" (p. 114). Elsewhere (p. 112) he tells us that "the mediævals evolved a curious procedure of appeal to the ultimate and but dimly-recalled God the Father. The system was that their appeals were carried as by proxy; from themselves to their patron saint, from the patron saint to the Virgin, who always pleads her love and motherhood, to her Son, and from Jesus, who pleads His wounds to the Father." Mr. Kendon has much to say about idolatry, and by some strange coincidence he pitches upon the same point as that chosen by Mr. G. G. Coulton in his review in the *Athenæum* of Cardinal Gasquet's *Monastic Life in the Middle Ages*—the worship of the cross; and by another coincidence hits upon the same authority in support of his contention, *Dives et Pauper*. One wonders whether he has ever heard of the Jesuit method of instruction by two preachers, one taking the part of the learned man and the other that of the ignoramus. If not, it would be worth his while to go to Farm Street on some such occasion; it might suggest to him another view of *Dives et Pauper*.

Mr. Kendon makes copious quotations from this work, and one passage ends thus: "Sometime we speak of the cross only as of his token and the cross that he died upon, and so one word is referred to diverse things and this *blindeth much folk in their reading*" (p. 168). This is of interest for a reason unconnected with Mr. Kendon's book. In the review of Cardinal Gasquet's book in this magazine above referred to, reference was

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made to Mr. Coulton's review of the same work, in the *Nation and Athenæum*, and it was noted that he had omitted the words *in their redynge* from his quotation of the passage quoted above, the word *redynge* being taken to mean *reading* in its modern sense. In a characteristic letter published in the *Nation and Athenæum*, Mr. Coulton asserted that the whole point lay in the reviewer's "own ignorance of mediæval English; it never occurs to him, even with the context to suggest it, that *redynge* in 1400 may differ from *reading* in 1922," and further on he returns to the charge and says that he "would undertake to prove him as unfamiliar with canon law as he is with the English of Chaucer's day."

In reply the reviewer was content to leave the matter to the judgment of those who had read (1) Mr. Coulton's review of the book; (2) his own; and (3) sections 1 and 4 of the article "Reading" in the *New English Dictionary*. Now, in his preface, Mr. Kendon writes: "It remains for me to acknowledge personal help and much encouragement from one who is, among other things, an authority on the times of which this book treats, and at whose suggestion the work was started. That he has read the essay without finding any serious faults of fact gives me the courage I needed to offer it to a larger public . . ." One can hardly be wrong in thinking that this refers to Mr. Coulton, in view of the fact that the book is dedicated to "G. G. Coulton, to whom I owe much for the book's sake, and much more for my own." And that being so, one wonders whether he has read what is to be found in the *New English Dictionary*, and in consequence revised his former opinion as to the meaning of *redynge*, or whether, adhering to it, he has, from his point of view, simply let Mr. Kendon down rather badly!

Having spoken of Mr. Coulton one may perhaps be allowed to refer to another matter which, if left unnoticed, may induce him to publish and scatter abroad another of his unsavoury pamphlets—this time on the broken promises of Roman Catholic journalists, or some such title.

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In his review of Cardinal Gasquet's book he found fault with his Eminence for having misquoted *Dives et Pauper*. One of the speakers in that dialogue says that it is more profitable to hear a sermon than "any" mass. His Eminence put "a" for "any," and in a footnote said "It will be unnecessary, of course, to remark that the author is not here speaking of the mass of obligation on Sundays and festivals." Mr. Coulton said that this sense could only be imported into the text by garbling it, i.e., putting "a" for "any," the latter word showing that no exception could be made. He went on to say: "The passage is in fact taken from canon law, where the language shows the Cardinal's gloss to be as ignorant as his misuse of the English text is indefensible." In the review in this magazine it was pointed out that the dialogue was between two Catholics, and, therefore, what they said must be qualified by what they knew to be the law of the Church. It was also pointed out that there was nothing in the indices of the *Corpus Juris Canonici* or the *Provinciale* to suggest such a text, but that in Ayton's commentary on the legatine constitutions there was something which Mr. Coulton might have considered sufficient for his purpose, though of course it was not a text of canon law. The reviewer added that if this were not the case Mr. Coulton should have an ample apology on condition that he produced the text on which he relied. In his letter to the *Nation and Athenæum* he courteously wrote that the reviewer's "other attacks rest upon similar ignorance [that is, the ignorance of the meaning of *redynge* in 1400 shared with the editors of the *New English Dictionary*], though in his last he has much more excuse. I ought for correctness to have written 'based upon canon law' instead of 'taken from'; but the change would not materially affect my points, that the Cardinal has shown ignorance of canon law . . ." How very difficult it is to induce this Miles Gloriosus to acknowledge that he has made a mistake! Now, in his latest travesty of mediæval religion, in both its technical and its ordinary meanings, Mr. Coulton reverts to this



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matter. He quotes the passage from *Dives et Pauper*\* and then, in a footnote, writes as follows: "It is characteristic of the difficulties into which modern Roman Catholics are frequently brought by their habit of reading their ideas of the present day back into the Middle Ages, that Cardinal Gasquet feels bound to distort this text in order to avoid shocking his co-religionists. In his *Monastic Life in the Middle Ages* (1922, p. 83) he writes: 'It will be unnecessary, of course, to remark that the author is not here speaking of the mass of obligation on Sundays and festivals, but of voluntary attendance at masses of devotion.' In order to make this footnote credible, he has altered the text from *any mass* to *a mass*. Not only is this a plain falsification of the author's words, but it also displays ignorance of the fact that the whole passage is founded on a text in canon law (Gratian, *Decretum*, pt. II, c. i, q. I, § 94). There St. Austin (not Anselm, as the Cardinal misreads) is quoted as saying: 'Ye should certainly say that the Word of God is no less a thing than the Body of Christ . . . he will be no less guilty who hath listened negligently to the Word of God than he who by his negligence hath suffered Christ's body to fall to the ground.' Upon which the gloss [whose gloss?] notes: 'This text saith that we must listen with equal diligence to Christ's words, lest they fall from our heart; even as it bringeth a man to more compunction so that all his sins are taken away.' The text, like many others in canon law, is probably wrongly attributed to Augustine: it is more probably by Cæsarius of Arles. See *P.L.*, Vol. 39, col. 2319."

Much might be said about this: In the first place, such of Cardinal Gasquet's co-religionists as read his book would probably be sufficiently educated not to be worried by the peculiar opinions of any individual spiritual writer, knowing well-enough that no such opinions are authoritative. Then one might enlarge on Mr. Coulton's inability to believe that anyone but himself can possibly make a mistake in good faith: when he is caught out himself and

\* *Five Centuries of Religion*, i, 124, 125.

## Some Recent Books

is obliged to acknowledge his error he sets to work to minimize his blunder ; others he accuses of suppression, distortion, falsification, dishonesty, and what not. For the moment, however, we are not concerned with his controversial methods but with his " text of canon law." This runs as follows :

*Interrogo vos fratres vel sorores, dicite mihi, quid vobis plus esse videtur Corpus Christi an Verbum Dei? Si vultis verum respondere hoc dicere debetis quod non sit minus Verbum Dei quam Corpus Christi. Et ideo quanta sollicitudine observamus, quando nobis Corpus Christi ministratur, ut nichil ex ipso de manibus nostris in terram cadat, tanta sollicitudine observemus, ne Verbum Dei, quod nobis erogatur, dum aliud aut cogitamus aut loquimur, de corde puro pereat, quia non minus reus erit qui Verbum Dei negligeret audierit quam ille, qui Corpus Christi sua negligentia in terram cadere permiserit.*

Interesting as this passage may be, and it does not matter whether the author be St. Augustine or St. Cæsarius of Arles, Mr. Coulton has not shown that it is a text of canon law. The *Decretum* is composed of passages of Scripture, decrees of councils, constitutions and decrees of the Roman pontiffs, various selections from the Fathers, and some selections from the civil law ; but Gratian's collection as such has no authority as law—whatever may be found in it has just the same authority as it would have had if it had not been included. It is a textbook, not a code, of canon law. This is made quite clear by Benedict XIV, who says :

*Gratiani enim Decretum quantumvis pluries Romanorum Pontificum cura emendatum fuisse non ignoretur, vim ac pondus legis non habet : quin immo inter omnes receptum est, quidquid in ipso continetur, tantum auctoritatis habere, quantum ex se habuisset, si nunquam in Gratiani Collectione insertum foret.\**

Mr. Coulton may perhaps regard himself as a greater authority on canon law than Benedict XIV, in which case there is nothing more to be said ; should he, however, accept the teaching of that great canonist, it is for him to show that the passage from St. Augustine, or St.

\* *De Synodo*, l. 7, c. 15, n. 6.

# The Life of Mère St. Joseph

Cæsarius, or whoever else the author may be, included by Gratian in the *Decretum*, is in fact a text of canon law.

E. B.

NO one has reason to complain of a dearth of examples of noble lives in view of the many biographies that are published by the Catholic Press. Indeed, the time has arrived when the founders of modern religious congregations, especially of women, are gratefully and reverently remembered by their children. Research in domestic or local archives makes the dead and their times live once more. Thus we have before us three memoirs, one of Mère St. Joseph (1756-1838), Co-Foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur; another of Mother Clare Fey (1815-1894), Foundress of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Poor Child Jesus; and a third of Mother Francis Raphael (1823-1894), Prioress Provincial of the Dominican Sisters of St. Catherine of Siena, Stone. Each of these distinguished women conceived a plan to meet local demands; each was engaged in the work of the education of girls; each, equally, but in different ways, was inspired by the impelling motives of religion; and all, while engaged in active pursuits, clung tenaciously to the spirit of the contemplative state.

Taking them in their historical order, we have in the first place *The Life of Mère St. Joseph* (Marie Louise Françoise Blin de Bourdon), Co-Foundress and Second Superior-General of the Institute of Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur, by a Member of the same Institute (Longmans, 1923; 15s.). The work, though not a translation, follows closely the French *Life*, by M. L. Téchy-Tomme. The subject of this biography is a high-born French lady. Of her parents, her early years, her strong impulsive character, the tragic vicissitudes of her ancient family, we are told with loving detail in the first five chapters. She meets at length with the "Saint of Cuvilly," the Blessed Julie Billiart, to be eventually conquered by her—the "humble and unlettered paralytic—a great-souled peasant woman." The home of

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Julie at Amiens put on the appearance of a convent, where a party of four or five young women foreshadowed in their work and aspirations the sort of institute they were eventually to establish. Françoise Blin de Bourdon, or Mère St. Joseph, as she came to be called afterwards, left her home for the new enterprise, and the sick Julie, from her bed, governed her protégée by voice and by letter. But the story is changeful. After the conversion of Françoise's Voltairean father, came the opening of the first centre at Amiens in 1804, with eight little orphan girls. When peace was restored to the Church of France, the first day-school was opened. Well-meaning friends were their next persecutors—bishop, clergy, and their own chaplain being ranged against them. They left Amiens and made a new home at St. Nicolas, and in 1807 a foundation was made at Namur, which was soon to become the Mother House. Mère St. Joseph lets us know one form of her self-conquest in those early days: "Uncultivated manners, awkwardness, stupidity, the ridiculous behaviour and tactlessness of people arouse in me impatience and contempt. . . . I will wage a continual warfare until I succeed in separating myself from the life of the senses" (p. 74). She was as strong as she was gentle. Her rule was mild, but never weak. Her impulses were generous; her forgiving charity, extraordinary. With a natural repugnance for "a troop of children" she firmly established an institute for the teaching of girls, and preferably for the instruction of the poor. The closing sentences of Chapter XIX are a true picture of the woman: "Noble by birth, she was nobler still in her renunciation of the honours of birth; noble in government, yet still nobler in voluntary submission."

The book is admirably got up, and gives portraits and views of the chief persons and foundations mentioned in the course of the narrative. The difficulties and opposition she had to face reveal the brave, trustful and spiritual courage of a truly valiant woman. We close the volume on the death of Mère St. Joseph with some sense of dis-

## Mother Clare Fey

appointment that we are not told something of the subsequent history of her Congregation.

In the *Life of Mother Clare Fey*, translated from the German of Ig. Watterott (Burns, Oates and Washbourne), we pass into a new world, to another social sphere and to an institute with a different object, yet animated with an identical religious spirit. Mother Clare was born at Aix-La-Chapelle of an old Catholic family, in 1815. She had the advantage of an excellent home education, and her early life gave token of her future service of the poor. Along with her sister she opened a school for the poorest and most neglected children of her native town. She possessed the precious educational gifts of insight, sympathy, and power. In 1844 she left home to become, in due time, the foundress of a new Congregation. Zeal and self-sacrifice were the dominant tones in her little community. Personal sanctification was to elevate and strengthen all they did. Great as she was in her external activity, she was greater in her solicitude for the interior spirit of her Sisters. At the outset only the poorest were embraced within the scope of their undertakings. With new conditions, however, they took charge of boarding-schools and high-class day-schools. After some discussion the new institute adopted the title of Sisters of the Poor Child Jesus. Provisionally approved in 1840, their Rule was finally sanctioned in 1888. Father Ignatius Spencer visited the convent at Aix-La-Chapelle in 1846. He much impressed the community by his zeal, and obtained from them the promise, kept faithfully to the present time, of reciting daily the Memorare for the conversion of England. Foundations soon followed at Bonn, Cologne, Coblenz, and elsewhere. Devotion to the Liturgy made the work of ecclesiastical embroidery congenial to the Sisters almost from the beginning. The artistic taste of Mother Clare inspired her religious daughters. No pains or expense were grudged to bring the craft to perfection. The influence of Pugin and Dr. Bock gave a definite direction to their work, which has been carried on with singular success. The Kulturkampf brought down a

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succession of crushing blows on the young institute, one after another of their houses being sacrificed to the intolerance of the Falk laws. But although suppressed in Germany, the Congregation, grew in Austria, Belgium, Holland, and England. Father William Grosvenor, then at Princethorpe, invited the Sisters to take charge of his orphans; the arrangement was completed in 1876, and a house opened at Southam. Their skill in embroidery brought them a modest sustenance, and in their early struggles they were devotedly served by the Rev. Frederick Theophilus Wehn, thrice imprisoned in Germany for the discharge of his priestly duties. Scarcely four years after the Congregation had been scattered in Germany it had houses in eight different countries, instead of seven dioceses.

The keynote of the spiritual harmonies in the soul of Mother Clare was Faith; and from Faith sprang a sense of the divine presence, a realization of the Eucharist and of the Church. The essentials of the spiritual life are few, but there is room for every variety of spiritual melody over its dominant notes. One character, found also in many other persons, was prominent in this much occupied Superioress, namely, calm in the midst of distracting cares: "When attending to business affairs, there was no haste or hurry. What each hour brought for her to do, that she did—*not slowly*, but peacefully, and with her whole attention" (p. 188).

The narrative takes on more the aspect of a history than a simple biography. Mother Clare is the centre round which has grown the work of charity for which she lived. Hence we have many details of the Superiors and Sisters of the different houses, who all exhibit the same spirit and earnestness in their vocation. At the present time the Institute counts forty-five houses in eight different countries; its members number two thousand, and the subjects under its care 17,000, grouped in every form of school. The social character of the work comes out in the Appendix enumerating the varied undertakings of the order. The Archbishop of Bir-



## Mother Francis Raphael

mingham concludes his Preface with words which exactly describe the book: "*The Life of Mother Clare Fey* is a plain and unambitious record. It owes its touching power to its manifest sincerity and the quality of its facts" (p. xii.).

The third of the "holy women" grouped in this trilogy is one whose delightful memoir appears now in a third edition, *A Memoir of Mother Francis Raphael, O.S.D.* (Augusta Theodosia Drane), by Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P. (Longmans, 1923; 12s. 6d.). It appeared first in 1895, and again with some slight alterations in 1897. The present edition is a reprint of the last, with improved type and paper, and comprising 572 pages as compared with the 340 of the previous edition. Unfortunately the omission of an index has not been supplied.

The new issue calls less for a detailed notice than for recommendation. Many things have happened since 1897; and there must be numbers of intelligent readers for whom the Mother Francis Raphael is nothing more than a name. It is they whom we invite to make the acquaintance of a saintly and highly gifted English lady. She began life as a Protestant of the old school. As a girl she was wilful, singularly studious, cultured, and enjoyed all the external advantages of easy circumstances and polite society. The vague suavity of Keble warned her off Protestantism, and the matter-of-fact spirituality of *Christian Perfection* by Rodriguez led her to Catholicism. Shortly after her conversion she found her way to Mother Margaret's community at Stone. The notes given in her *Memoir* reveal the charm of a strong and elevated personality. Her letters display a noble, sympathetic, yet truly humble spirit. The Meditations which form the Addenda are anything but commonplace in conception and form. Her poems would have gained for her a conspicuous place in literature had she not hidden her Muse in the distant provincial convent of St. Dominic's, Stone.

H. P.

## Some Recent Books

IT cannot be said that the *Memories of Many Years* (John Long) of Archbishop Seton are those of a man of action, or that they deal with matters of general concern. His Archbishopric was purely titular, and although he spent twenty-five years' in his own country, his brief account of that period says nothing of any undertaking set on foot by him. Nor can it be said that his relations with the American hierarchy seem to have been intimate, possibly because of the "human failing hard to overcome, to prefer for superiors men of good origin," to which he refers (p. 245)—a view suggested by his occasional references to individuals among them. Nevertheless, the *Memoirs* are not without interest; the reminiscences of childhood in Westchester County, New York, with the observations of bird life and nature generally which seem to have persisted through the Archbishop's life—"I grew up to love everything in Nature and saw mystery in all around me"—indicate the simple and kindly attitude of mind which pervades the book. The incidents of the voyage to England—of twenty-seven days!—in 1852 and of the travels in France and Germany, ending with his arrival in what were then the States of the Church, followed by the later recollections of student life in Rome, first at the American College (where "the celebrated convert, Dr., afterwards Cardinal, Manning," gave a retreat "in such harmonious language that it was a pleasure to listen") are narrated in pleasing style. Then he went to the Academia—"the first and, I believe, the only American ever admitted"—a distinction of which the Archbishop was always proud. He was six years in Rome, during which period he manifested that facility for making the acquaintance of persons of position which attended him throughout his life; his relation to his grandmother, "Mother Seton," and his own ancestry, of which, as we are frequently reminded, he was sufficiently conscious, helped him in this respect.

Ordained priest in Rome in 1865, Father Seton obtained various distinctions, including that of Protonotary Apostolic—the first American raised to that dignity—and

## Memories of Many Years

was "the accepted representative of [his] country in the ecclesiastical world of Rome." "At the time I was made a Monsignor, the title was rare even in Italy, and if conferred on men outside it was in consideration of learning, birth, or some adventitious quality . . . Latterly the Monsignorship has become ridiculously common in the United States"—and not only there. The Monsignor was entreated by his friends not to go back to the States, where he would be neglected, but to remain in Rome, and the Pope said, "Well, if you *will* return, you shall be a bishop there"; but the friends proved true prophets, and the papal promise was not fulfilled. Mgr. Seton arrived in the States in 1867, and was for nine years Chaplain to the Central House in New Jersey of Mother Seton's original foundation of Sisters for the education of the young—"the American Sisters of Charity." He had been invited to return to Europe by "a maiden lady of quality, worth, and years," but his bishop would not hear of it, and "made it out my duty to stay in America." Mgr. Seton then went to a poor parish in Jersey City where he remained until 1902, when he left the States for the more congenial atmosphere of Rome.

The most interesting portion of the chapter on "Life in Rome, 1902-14," is the earlier portion, in which the Monsignor describes his visits to Naples and Sicily. On arriving in Rome, he at once fell in with the galaxy of more or less distinguished persons whose names occupy a large portion of the hundred pages which the chapter contains. The Archbishop himself, to whom these represent living realities, tells us—though his pages hardly suggest it—that he "became satiated with society life"; so the reader, to whom the names cannot possess the slightest interest, may be excused for being wearied by them. Never, save in the book from the same publisher in which another distinguished Monsignor related his impressions of America, have we encountered so many titled personages—one feels like the little girl who, oppressed with the delights of heaven, asked if she might have up a little devil to play with; it is with relief that

## Some Recent Books

one encounters the "poor old Irish widow" of Jersey City, who, years before, had assured Mgr. Seton that the mitre was being kept from him. Eminent Cardinals in Rome, he tells us, held the same view, which it is evident was that of the Monsignor himself; and on June 10th, 1903, he was appointed Archbishop of Heliopolis by direct nomination of the Pope without discussion; this through the Secretary of State, who had felt that "some sinister influence must have been at work, and told [him] it was a rare honour for any individual." It must not be supposed that the new Archbishop was idle; he was "very much in demand for pontificating at Solemn High Mass, or at first or second vespers, in almost all the churches of the city; in imparting First Communion, in giving Confirmation, in preaching, in consecrating chalices and patens, in reading, studying, taking an ornamental part in papal functions, and going into society." It is, we believe, understood that one of the chief duties of a Cardinal in Rome is to go out to tea; Archbishop Seton, although he did not attain cardinalitial rank, was in this particular fully qualified for it. Chaffed on being seen "at a fashionable hotel, surrounded by ladies," a lady "replied that [he] was always entertaining and that women liked the company of a gentleman who could interest them as Archbishop Seton can." Apart from his personal attractiveness, the Archbishop's entertainments were favoured in another respect: "I never," he says, "during my twelve years in Rome, had a tea, a lunch, or a dinner made disappointing to my guests by rain, and I always brought good weather with me, even in more social functions."

These functions came to an end in a blaze of social glory in March, 1914. Towards the end of the previous year, financial troubles had rendered it impossible for the Archbishop "to live in Rome in the decorous manner appropriate to [his] name and rank"; and on March 22nd he said his last Mass in Rome "in the same church and at the same hour where, as a young layman," he had heard his first. "The last member of the Roman aristocracy

## Thoughts Speculative

that I spoke to, on the evening before I left, was the old Princess Massimo . . . who ended by saying, 'You will never know how much you were liked and esteemed in society'; and one feels that nothing could have pleased the old man more. After a stay in Spain and France, the Archbishop found himself, on the centenary of Mother Seton's death, in the convent in New Jersey where he had been chaplain when he returned to the States as priest, and here he devoted himself to writing the *Memories* now before us.

J. B.

THE history of Mathematics in the last century reveals the strikingly logical working of the Celtic mind. This capacity for clear deduction from a given set of axioms, his principles, is at once the source of his strength and, in some spheres, of his weakness.

From given premises—the Achilles heel of all mathematical, scientific and philosophical systems—he draws, by strict logic, certain conclusions. On these conclusions he is unwilling to compromise, for compromise would mean the sacrifice of his axioms, i.e., his principles.

Father Healy once described an Englishman as "One whose principles are the same as his interests." The epigram, though unjust, is not wholly devoid of truth. The Englishman, like the German, is never so sure of his principles that he is not prepared to abandon them if they do not fit in with his general experience. This is well exemplified in the modern scientific theories of Relativity and of Quanta. It is shown very clearly in English politics. True, it was an Irishman who said all politics is based on compromise and barter, but it is the English who put it into practice and who have thereby built up a noble edifice—the British Commonwealth.

The logical Celtic mind is displayed in Mr. Desmond Murphy's *Thoughts Speculative* (Talbot Press). Sandwiched between essays on purely philosophical subjects we find articles on the political reconstruction of Europe, proportional representation, and prices and wages. All these problems are solved by purely logical processes.

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Unfortunately the world is not ruled by logic, and Mr. Murphy's words are likely to fall on barren soil; but it would be well if those who undertake the settlement of the fate of others were imbued a little more with the spirit of logic and a little less with opportunism. Even in politics a strict impartiality and rigid adherence to principles has often succeeded where opportunism has failed.

J. J. D.